

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1910.

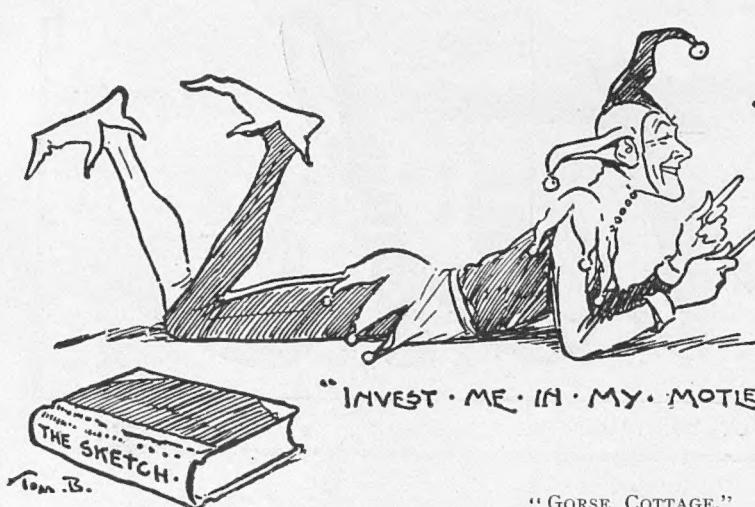
SIXPENCE.



BETTER EVEN THAN BILLIKEN AND THE TEDDY BEAR: A WOODEN RATTLE FROM THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS THAT WOULD MAKE THE FORTUNE OF AN ENTERPRISING EUROPEAN TOY-MAKER.

The ingenious natives of the Queen Charlotte Islands, a tribe known as the Haidas, have a pretty sense of humour, and much skill in expressing it through the medium of carved wood. Our illustration shows one of the wooden dancing-rattles which, presumably, the Pavlovas and Mordkins among those festive islanders use to accompany their gyrations and to add precision to their steps. The expression of the face is distinctly amusing, and may be said to rival those popular favourites, Billiken and the Teddy Bear. For the benefit of those who may be hazy in their geography, we may add that the Queen Charlotte Islands lie off the coast of British Columbia, in the Pacific Ocean.

Reproduced from the British Museum "Handbook to the Ethnographical Collections," by courtesy of Mr. G. H. Read, Keeper of the Department of British and Mediæval Antiquities and Ethnography.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

MOTLEY NOTES



"GORSE COTTAGE."

What do They Know?

English country life is a thing of the past. Let me tell you, briefly, how the curious creatures who make this assertion form their opinions of English country life. After a light breakfast of champagne and biscuits, they are wrapped in fur, shoved into a big motor-car, and tucked about with rugs. A young man who is paid to keep all his wits about him—young gentlemen willing to do this are always at a premium—pilots them safely through the London streets and out on to the Brighton Road, or the Portsmouth Road, or the Bath Road, or the Great North Road, or some other tar-smeared highway set aside for the purpose. Having proceeded some twenty-five or thirty miles in a semi-somnolent condition, Nature makes a tiny little kick somewhere inside the passengers, and they instruct the young man with his wits about him to pull up at the first decent-looking inn. The first decent-looking inn is a red-brick, corner house, with a Hotel Entrance, Saloon Bar, and Jug and Bottle Department. The young woman behind the Saloon Bar comes from Bermondsey, and the waiter from Switzerland. Our friends are served at lightning speed. There is no time for the little courtesies of the road. "Oh," they sigh, "for the days of Dickens!" and they crawl back into the car vaguely dissatisfied. It does not occur to them that it is just as absurd to search for English country life along a modern highway as along a modern railway-track.

The Motor Face.

sweep to and fro over the tar-tracks if they could possibly manage to look a little more pleasant about it? We know, we fortunate ones on foot, or on cycles, or in donkey-carts, or in gigs, that we have all the best of it; but, of our selfishness, we do wish that the motorists would not rive our hearts by scowling at us so reproachfully as they whirl by. The women, I think, trouble us most. They seem to say: "Oh, if only I could get out of this beastly thing! Will nobody take pity on me? Will nobody help this poor old critter?" One can see that they are constant motorists, for their complexions are yellow, their skin wrinkled, and their eyes puffed. Let me implore them, however, for the sake of those they pass on the road, to make the best of it. We, too, have our troubles, look we never so happy. Having no desire, notwithstanding, to labour the point, I will now bring this digression to a conclusion.)

The Old Village and the New.

English country life, if you know where to look for it, is precisely the same as it was two hundred years ago. The cottages are the same, the gardens are the same, the fields, stiles, and pathways are the same, the lanes are the same, the little church is the same, the churchyard is the same. And, what is more important, the people are the same. You will find the same cottagers in the cottages—the labourer, the wheelwright, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the policeman, the baker, the postmistress, the schoolmistress, and the carrier. You will find the same old-fashioned flowers in the gardens—roses, sweet-peas, wallflowers, pansies, hollyhocks. The great, steady horses tramp the fields under the guidance of the teamster as ever they did, and the lovers, as of yore, linger by the stiles and clasp hands in the lanes. At a quarter to eleven on Sunday mornings, and again at a quarter past six on Sunday evenings, the same three little bells tinkle the gentle invitation to worship. In the churchyard you will find that the newest tombstone is modelled on the old pattern, that the manifold virtues of

the deceased are set out in just such mechanically rhapsodic terms. No, my friends; English country life is by no means a thing of the past · if you love it, you can find it easily enough.

A Village on a Hill.

But you must not expect to come by it too easily. The railway-engine and the motor-car gobble up simplicity as easily as they devour space. Personally, I should never dream of looking for the ideal English village within four miles of a railway-station—and a country railway-station at that. Mistrust the advertisement that promises you all the delights of the country "within forty minutes of London." Mistrust, also, the advertisement that offers you the delights of the country, combined with "all the conveniences of town." I know those country-places, with their gas-lamps, and their asphalt paths, and their imitation old-fashioned houses and cottages. Of course, they are better than the Strand, when you have had your fill of the Strand. But that is not English country life. To get to the real old English village you must go, as I say, at least four miles from a remote railway-station, and then, if you are wise, you will climb. The higher you climb, the simpler and healthier the life, the sweeter the people with whom you will come in daily contact. Valleys make for laziness and vice. The air of the hills is death to both. It needs a very depraved man indeed to be out of bed after ten o'clock if he lives in a village on a hill that is four miles from a remote railway-station.

Mainly Concerning Sleep

"Gorse Cottage," I need hardly tell you, is situated on such a hill; hence this arrogance. I went to bed last night, on my oath, at half-past nine, and, after making frantic efforts to read, I was fast asleep at a quarter-past ten. The mountain air was pouring in at the open window all night, bearing with it the scent of the gorse and the heather. I slept dreamlessly until six; at six I turned and slept again until eight. That is one thing that you must learn in the country if you wish to live the simple life successfully—to sleep at least nine or ten hours. Here, again, the air of the hills will help you. At eight I rose, bathed, dressed—one does not shave every day in the country—ate an enormous breakfast, walked to the top of the hill whilst I smoked my morning pipe, and then returned to fulfil my allotted task (which I am still doing). The next excitement is the midday post, and, after that, the daily papers. I get my daily papers very early on Monday, not quite so early on Tuesday, later still on Wednesday, towards tea-time on Thursday, just before supper on Friday, and about bed-time on Saturday. This is because they come by the local butcher, whose orders are very few on Monday, but increase as the week goes on. I have no fault to find with the arrangement. If I had, it would not matter.

High Life.

My Club is the Village Hall, the subscription to which is threepence per week. We have a reading-room and a billiard-room. In the reading-room we take one daily newspaper. I must not tell you which one, because the others would be jealous, but I may hint that it costs one halfpenny. For the more studious members, there are some weekly papers of various dates; some of them, I fancy, contain illustrations of the Accession of King Edward VII. The billiard-table is of full size. By daylight we pay twopence for fifty and fourpence per hundred. If you play by lamplight it is rather more expensive. I have not played billiards in London for seven years; the members of my London clubs seem to resent my occupation of the tables. Let them wait. Thanks to the mountain air and the low rates, it is not unlikely that I shall return to town a very fierce opponent.

THE "FAIR MISCHIEF" IN PUCCINI'S OPERA.
MME. KOUSNIETZOFF AS MANON LESCAUT.



PROPERLY COSTUMED FOR HER PART: THE CHARMING MANON LESCAUT IN PUCCINI'S OPERA OF THAT NAME.

Mme. Kousnietzoff made her first appearance as Manon Lescaut—as far as London is concerned—at Covent Garden on Thursday of last week, and it was arranged to give the same opera again on Monday. "Manon Lescaut," one of Puccini's early works, is based, of course, on the Abbé Prevost's famous novel. The erring but self-sacrificing heroine, the "Fair Mischief" of the story, as Manon has been called, has never had a more charming interpreter than the beautiful Russian singer. Mme. Kousnietzoff was "discovered" by Tchaikovsky when she was fourteen. It is on record that her singing as Manon, and in "Thaïs," so delighted Massenet that he promised to write an opera for her. She was born at Odessa, the daughter of a portrait painter, and her own portrait has been painted by many of the modern Russian masters. She made her débüt in 1905 at the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg, and has appeared at the Grand Opéra in Paris, and also at Covent Garden, as Marguerite, in "Faust," and Mimi, in "La Bohème," two of her most successful parts.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

WINSTON'S PARADISE FOR PRISONERS.

H. M. BATEMAN'S IDEAS OF THE FUTURE, AS DEVELOPED FROM WINSTON CHURCHILL'S SCHEME.



WINSTON CHURCHILL SPOILS A PLAY: NO MORE NEED FOR GALSWORTHY'S "JUSTICE."

Our artist has developed from a lively imagination, assisted by a keen sense of humour, some of the schemes outlined by the Home Secretary in his recent speech on prison reform. Referring to a performance given at Dartmoor by the band of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, "It was amazing," said Mr. Churchill, "to see how pleased the prisoners were." He had arranged with the Treasury for a small grant to provide four concerts or lectures every year in each of the convict prisons, a plan which one cynical member said would, to some people, be an added punishment. In the case of certain prisoners, such as suffragettes, not guilty of "any offence involving moral turpitude," Mr. Churchill said he would relieve them of the obligation of having their hair cut, or being shaved, or taking a bath (here there were cries of "Oh!"). He would also allow such prisoners to provide themselves with books to read, with the cryptic exception of "certain books dealing with current events." Solitary confinement would be reduced to one month, after which it would be optional. On the whole, it appears to our artist that the conscientious law-breaker is in for a thoroughly good time. The only person who seems likely to lose, financially, by these genial reforms is Mr. John Galsworthy, whose famous play, "Justice," exposing the evils of solitary confinement, will then have achieved its purpose and deprived itself of any further *raison d'être*.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

FISHING FOR THE FINNY TRIBE FROM FINS.



THE CREW OF A SUBMARINE ANGLING FROM THE DIVING WINGS.

During the great assemblage of the Home, Atlantic, and Mediterranean fleets last week, Mount's Bay was full of naval craft, and the people of Penzance and the neighbouring shores had never seen so many war-ships together in their lives. They were therefore keenly disappointed when, owing to the rough weather, the fleets moved on Saturday night to Torbay. The submarines, of course, attracted especial interest from their peculiar shape and their adventurous associations. It was a quaint sight to see a group of sailors sitting on the great, flat, fin-like diving-wings, which stick out from the sides of a submarine, and placidly angling for such of nature's fishes as may be attracted by curiosity to inspect this strange iron monster, which they may have met silently gliding through the under-sea. It will be remembered that the King and Queen went over some submarines at Haslar on Saturday.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

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THE CLUBMAN

An Unwilling King.

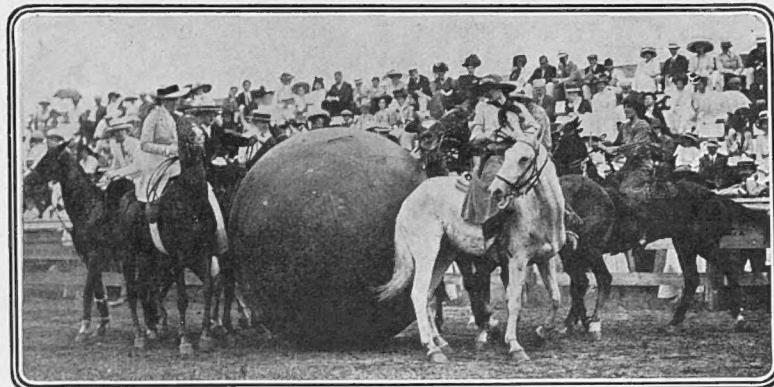
Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is to be King of that little mountain State, though he himself has no wish whatever for kingly honour, and though his subjects, perhaps with an objection to possible extra taxation, strongly disapprove of his changing his title. Germany and Austria, as a move in the complicated diplomacy which surrounds the Balkan Question, think it well that Prince Nicholas should be on the same level as the Tsar of Bulgaria; and Italy, which has as its Queen a Montenegrin Princess, acquiesces. It is also said that the future Queen of Montenegro—a Princess of the House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—would like her father-in-law to be a King. Prince Nicholas is a real mountaineer in his simplicity, and rules his people by plain, straightforward, direct methods. There is an old elm still standing in the main street of Cettinje under which the Prince in hot weather has been accustomed to dispense justice. He sits, on winter evenings, by the big fire in the audience-chamber of his very simple Palace, and in a semicircle before him his officers and the leading citizens of his capital gather and talk over the events of the day, and other matters of importance, as an informal council.

Cettinje.

Prince Nicholas' capital, Cettinje, is scarcely bigger than a large English village, and its buildings are of the simplest kind. The Prince has a white palace, and his heir a house which looks like a small barrack. The landlord of the Grand Hotel, which is a very ordinary inn, holds half-a-dozen posts of importance in the town, being, I believe, the Mayor and the banker as well as mine host. A little park, with a bandstand, is behind the inn, and when a shipload of tourists come up the wonderful road which leads from Cattaro to the capital, the Prince sends his hand to the park to play there while the strangers eat their dinner at the hotel. There are almost as many thatched cottages as there are houses with tiled roofs in the main street, and as a reminder that Montenegrins are a people who fight very fiercely when there is occasion, a round tower is pointed out, the top of which at one time was always decorated with a row of Turkish heads.

The Montenegrin Army. The Montenegrin Army is not a large one, and the only men in uniform that one sees in the capital, as a rule, are the Prince's bodyguard and the band; but garrisons of small size are kept in the fortresses, and every able-bodied man in the Principality has only to take down his rifle and put on his cartridge-belt to become a soldier. A simple English citizen and his wife, having business

in Cettinje, were forced to pause at Naejus, where the Prince's country-house is, because there had been a breakdown on the road, and the men from the nearest garrisons were employed in mending it. Halting at the inn, where coffee was the principal available refreshment, he told the landlady to give a cup of coffee to any of the soldiers who were working at the repairs. All the soldiers, about a company in strength, came and drank the coffee and thanked him. As he proceeded downwards on his journey, he found himself everywhere treated with the greatest respect, and addressed as a lord. Asking the reason for this excess of civility, he was told that it was evident to all men that he was an English nobleman and extremely rich, for otherwise how could he have entertained as he had done the whole army of Montenegro?



SOME OF THE "FOUR HUNDRED" AT PUSH-BALL: RIDERS - ASTRIDE VERSUS SIDE - SADDLERS.

A notable Society display in New York was recently given at a monster fête held on behalf of certain New York charities, by a number of young ladies, all belonging to the exclusive "Four Hundred" set. The programme included match at push-ball, played by Society girls got up as cow-boys. Those riding astride played against those riding on side-saddles in the ordinary way. The match ended in a draw.—[Photograph by Fleet.]

that, of the five players who are in the highest class, and who are each handicapped by ten points, four are Americans, the two Waterburys, Mr. D. Milburn, and Mr. Foxhall Keene. Mr. Buckmaster is the one Englishman who is considered to be absolutely first class. England is greatly in the majority in the second class and third class, and no doubt some of those players, now that we are content to learn from America, will, after a season, move up into that class which is at present almost monopolised by the Americans. The new handicapping is to be given its first important trial at the Rugby tournament.

Re-building a Royal Palace. It is as certain as anything

connected with a vote in Parliament can be that the east wing of Buckingham Palace will be re-built in the near future, but a beginning of the re-building of Royal palaces is to be made with the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot, that little pied-à-terre which was originally built for Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in the "Fifties," and at which the King stayed during his late visit to Aldershot. As the troops at our great camp are no longer accommodated in the old huts built in Crimean war time, it is unfitting that the King should be the worst-housed man in camp. The new Pavilion is to be a two-storied house of brick with all those modern conveniences which were not considered



FROM THE POLITICAL ARENA TO THE CRICKET FIELD: THE PREMIER AND MRS. ASQUITH WITH MRS. HENRY AND THE HON. MRS. NICHOLSON, AT WARGRAVE.

An interesting cricket match was that played at Parkwood, Wargrave, the residence of Mr. C. S. Henry, M.P., between an eleven largely composed of M.P.s and an eleven made up from the official staff of the House of Commons, on the occasion of an entertainment given to the House of Commons staff (comprising postal, police, and library officials and messengers) by Mr. Henry. The Members' team won by 115 to 28. The figures in the photograph (from left to right) are the Hon. Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. Asquith, Mrs. Henry, and Mrs. Asquith.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

necessary sixty years ago. When Aldershot has obtained its new military Pavilion, another is likely to be built on Salisbury Plain, for such a practical soldier as the King is showing himself will be sure, on occasions, to visit his troops on the larger manoeuvring ground.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK

THE college cry of Johns Hopkins University is "Hullabaloo, canuck, canuck, canuck! Hullabaloo, canuck, canuck! Hoorah! Hoorah! J.H.U.! Hoorah! J.H.U.!" It is always pleasant to come across examples of the higher American culture.

Señor Madriz, who appears to be a sort of President in Nicaragua, is shaking hands with himself

ecstatically, for the Kaiser has called him his "great and good friend." It takes a little of the gilt off the gingerbread to be told that this is only an official formula; but, anyhow, it is better than a Central American decoration.

No more counting

sheep going through a gap when you cannot get to sleep. Sir Alfred Turner says that the finest possible soporific is reading the best poets in bed. It is a lucky thing for the gallant General that all the best poets are dead.

More than five thousand members are said to have been enrolled in the Cincinnati "Kiss Not Club"; but some even bolder women have announced their intention of making careful research into the subject, to find out if the dangers of kissing have not been exaggerated.

KISS ME NO MORE.

(New song arranged for tenor or soprano. Of all music-sellers.)

Kiss me no more! I dare not face the germs
That swarm unnumbered on each lip and cheek.
'Tis worse than war, the scientist affirms,
Let me be wise, and since that I am weak,
Kiss me no more!

Kiss me no more? What coward words are these?

Let me be brave, and dare to sacrifice
All in the hope of combating disease, | And hide no longer 'neath the base device
"Kiss me no more."



crick in the neck staring up at the about overhead.

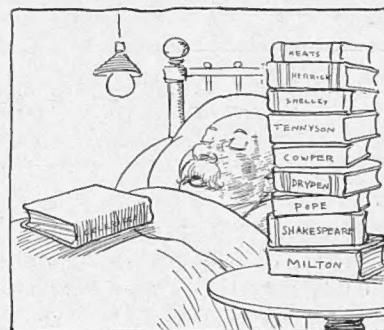
The papers are always making one jump. "Several American novelties are on view; among them is Mrs. Taft," says a morning paper. Happily, there



is just time before fainting to discover that the information merely concerns a sweet-pea at a flower-show.

They will fly into it. Last week we had a Scotch-American taken in by the confidence trick, and now we have Mr. Runciman falling into a venerable trap in the remark that "one boy has been at work making a model weigh-bridge out of his own head."

Among the trifles that mar lives is said to be a desire to grow mutton-chop whiskers. This is quite as likely to introduce the culprit to a lunatic asylum as to alienate his wife's affections.



"Bart's has got a new Manciple," says a scaring headline. Be not alarmed; this is not some terrible machine for gouging bits out of you, but merely a mediæval word for caterer.

If you are going to a country where malaria is rife, stain yourself all over with walnut-juice, or black yourself with burnt cork, and you will be less liable to catch the disease, says a doctor. Many thanks, but we are going to Margate.

BLACK, BUT COMELY.

(One point of advice in this connection has been offered in America, and that is to wear black under-garments, or "sombre lingerie," as it has been prettily put.)

You will notice, says a doctor, that on India's coral strand, Or in any other tropical or equatorial land, That men are either niggers, or some other shade of black, Which is Nature's way of dodging a malarial attack, conscientious coon, both vest and pantaloons, but I do not see the fun I seldom see the sun.

Dr. Heinrich Lueders, of Berlin, has succeeded in deciphering the prompt copies of some ancient Sanskrit plays between two and three thousand years old. This looks like a last chance for the regeneration of the British stage.



Perambulators are only allowed on the pavements on sufferance in the city of Chichester. And yet there are some ignorant persons who speak slightly of the intelligence of our Cathedral cities.



TAKE OUR ADVICE: WHY GET BURGLED?

WHEN THE BURGLAR IS IN THE HOUSE: SOME SUGGESTIONS TO FRIGHTEN AWAY THE INTRUDER.



1. A METHOD THAT REQUIRES NO SPECIAL APPARATUS: TAKE A PIECE OF FURNITURE AND HURL IT INTO THE ROOM.
 2. WARRANTED TO STARTLE THE ENTERPRISING BURGLAR: AN ALARM CLOCK.
 3. TO SHOW HIM YOU CARRY FIRE-ARMS: FIRE A REVOLVER OUT OF WINDOW.

For the benefit of any of our fair readers who may be at a loss how to deal with the enterprising burglar, should he come their way, we offer a few practical suggestions which may be useful in an emergency, especially to those who may be unable or unwilling to risk a personal encounter with the intruder. It is really not worth while to get burgled, or possibly murdered, when there are such easy ways of avoiding that disagreeable experience, and at the same time of saving one's property and striking terror into the heart of the burglar. It will be seen, also, that, in most of the cases illustrated, the apparatus required is of the simplest character. The great thing to remember is that the burglar is more afraid of you than you are of him. At the same time, if cornered, he probably will not stick at murder in order to escape. It is a bad plan to leave spirits about, which may give him Dutch courage. In using a revolver, it is better to scare him rather than to attack him, as he is probably a better shot than you are. If you do not happen to have a telephone, it is quite easy to pretend you have, and to call up an imaginary police-station.

4. TO MAKE HIM THINK THE "COPPER" IS COMING: SPRING A POLICE RATTLE.
 5. A HINT TO THE UNWARLIKE: GIVE HIM ROOM TO GET PAST YOU IF YOU WANT TO GET RID OF HIM.
 6. AN INSTRUMENT THAT BILL SIKES DOES NOT LIKE: THE TELEPHONE.

SMALL TALK

JULY has more than one Independence Day. On the 20th, the Colombian Minister and Mme. Perez Triana gave an At Home in celebration of the centenary of Colombian independence. Their charming house in Avenue Road looked, in another scale, as sumptuous as the scene of the July the Fourth celebrations in Park Lane. Mme. Perez Triana is an American possessed of great wealth and a voice, and she grudges neither in the entertainment of her friends.

Americans as They Were. There is another centenary at hand, and it is that of "the little woman who made the big war." A year after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Beecher Stowe made a kind of triumphal tour in England. Her book was being read by the hundreds of thousands, not, surely, for its literature, but for its Abolitionism. A poor, effusive novel, it did make the big war, and it did ultimately set the slave free. And even as Garibaldi was feted at Stafford House so, ten years earlier, was Mrs. Stowe, by the same Duke and Duchess. Eternal friendship was sworn in those good days, and the Duchess and the American novelist swore it. And Transatlantic visitors were few

TO MARRY MISS STEWART, OF ARDS. CAPTAIN SIR PIETER BAM. Captain Sir Pieter Canzius van Blommestein Bam is the senior Member of the Legislative Assembly for Cape Town, although he is only forty-one. He was in the Cape Garrison Artillery, and was educated at Cheltenham College, and served in the South African War.

Photograph by Thomson

and simple then. Here is Stowe's unconscious and unblushing record of a dinner at Lord Carlisle's: "We went about seven o'clock, the dinner hour here being somewhere between eight and nine. We were shown

criticism. Even now, an Edinburgh reviewer is reminding us of Pitt's hostile view. After his own experiences, he took good care that his sons were educated at home, observing that he scarcely knew a boy "who was not cowed at Eton; that a Public School might suit a boy of turbulent disposition, but would not do where there was any gentleness." Eton is a different place to-day, but in some aspects and to some institutions Pitt's remarks still apply. The fining of a boy prefect at Oxford City Court the other day for assault on a junior boy has opened up the question of the methods of "discipline" in Public Schools, and the interest in the case of the discreet circle of the educationalists is hardly

to be gauged from the scanty reports in the Press.

New Ties. Of the year's commoner-marriages the one arranged between Mr. Wilfrid Sheridan and Miss Clare Frewen promises to be the most important. Lady Stracey and Mrs. Hall Walker, the bridegroom's sisters, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West and Mrs. John Leslie, the bride's aunts, seem to sum up half Society in their own persons, and the cousins involved are both numerous

TO MARRY SIR PIETER BAM: MISS STEWART, OF ARDS. Miss Stewart, of Ards, is the daughter of the late Mr. Alexander J. R. Stewart, of Ards, in North-Western Donegal, and of Lady Isabella Stewart, daughter of the second Earl of Norbury, who was murdered at Durrow Abbey two years after Queen Victoria came to the throne.

Photograph by Keturah-Coating.

and decorative. Mrs. Hall Walker and Mrs. John Leslie were both at the first performance of "La Habanera," and found themselves under the same roof for the first time since they have become prospectively related by the approaching wedding.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER'S NEW SISTER-IN-LAW: MRS. W. GEORGE.

Mrs. W. George, who married Mr. Lloyd George's brother on Saturday, was Miss Anita Williams. She is a Welsh lady, and very patriotic.

Photograph by Harrison.



TO MARRY THE HON. CYNTHIA CHARTERIS: MR. HERBERT ASQUITH.

Mr. Herbert Asquith, the Prime Minister's second son, is to marry this week the Hon. Cynthia Charteris. He is, like his distinguished father, a lawyer, and was a clever debater at the Union, at Oxford.

Photograph by Gillman.



LORD CARNWATH, WHO MARRIED MISS SAVILE ON SATURDAY.

The Earl of Carnwath, who was married at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, is the 13th Earl and was born in 1883. His father, it may be recalled, died suddenly in the street.

Photograph by Beresford.



TO MARRY THE PRIME MINISTER'S SECOND SON: THE HON. CYNTHIA CHARTERIS.

The Hon. Cynthia Charteris is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Elcho, and a grand-daughter of the Earl of Wemyss.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

into an ante-room." One would think, indeed, they would be, say, while the host and hostess escaped for a premature dressing.

The Holidays. The schoolboy's homecoming, rather than his departure to school, is the great reviver of the education question. His critical sisters and astounded parents look with wonder at the new-comer, who, naturally enough, has changed for better or for worse during the term. But the Public Schools survive all the casualties of



THE COUNTESS OF CARNWATH, FORMERLY MISS SAVILE.

Miss Savile, who on Saturday became Countess of Carnwath, is the daughter of Mr. T. Eden Savile, and of Mrs. Savile.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

A LESSON FOR NOTHING: THE STYLE OF THE "PRO."



No. I.—THE STROKES OF C. H. MAYO, WHO WAS TO FINISH THE SECOND HALF OF THE £100 CONTEST AGAINST RAINFORD YESTERDAY (TUESDAY) ON THE BURHILL GOLF CLUB LINKS.

We give here the first of a series of pages showing the strokes of some of the principal professional golfers. The first half of the £50 a side match between C. H. Mayo and Peter Rainford took place at Llangammarch Wells. At the end of the play Mayo held a lead of 6 up. It was arranged that the second half of the match should be played at Burhill yesterday (Tuesday, the 26th.). C. H. Mayo, who was born in 1884, began his professional golfing career at the Broadway Golf Club, and is now engaged at Burhill. He played for England against Scotland in 1907, and the same year was twelfth in the Open Championship. The next year he was second in the French Championship. With G. Duncan he has beaten T. Vardon and E. Ray for £100 a side at Deal and Prince's.—[Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.]

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

WITH the reception on board the *Ikoma* at Gravesend (with such tea provided as no British battle-ship has ever succeeded in making), the launching of the armoured cruiser *Lion* next week by the Viscountess Clifden, the launching also of the *Orion* by the Marchioness of Winchester, and the opening of the Cowes week, there has been quite a revival of seafaring incidents—of the ladylike order. But of major importance is King George's flying return to the Navy. He will never unlearn his love for the sea, nor lose the sailor's deeply rooted yearning for the comforts—and even the discomforts—of the deck and the cabin, and for the company of half-a-gale of wind or of a ship's officers and men.

The Race-Year. Mrs. Hall Walker has been seen at all the important race-meetings of the year, but, like many of the late King's friends, she has seemed not to bring her usual infectious enthusiasm to the sport.

Were people to say exactly what they feel, it would be heard on all sides that the Season is from many points of view a failure. King

Edward's presence, his shrewd and kindly comments on the

colour and untidiness that would certainly disgust any upper-house maid of to-day. It is doubtful whether any great Peer of the present time is quite as agreeable to painters as was Lord Leconfield's illustrious predecessor at Petworth; but it is also doubtful whether the artists of our time would be very responsive to such attentions as delighted Haydon, Wilkie, Turner, and many more.

In Hyde Park. In consequence of King Edward's death, the Four-in-hand Driving Club, like the younger Coaching Club, had only one meet this season. A leaden sky prevailed, as if to sustain the idea of mourning, which was further flattered by the four well-matched blacks that led off the procession under the whip of the venerable Earl of Ancaster. Moreover, a good many of the ladies wore mourning—and looked their best in consequence. Lord Leconfield, handling black browns, greeted a relative on the coach of

the Life Guards, and Lord Charles Beresford exchanged salutes with troops of driving and pedestrian friends. Lord



MARRIED ON SATURDAY: MRS. T. H. SHOUBRIDGE, FORMERLY MISS GLADYS DUGDALE.

Miss Gladys Dugdale, who was married on Saturday at Castleknock, Dublin, to Major T. H. Shoubridge, D.S.O., of the 5th Fusiliers, Brigade Major 13th Infantry Brigade, is the daughter of the late Major Herbert Dugdale and of Mrs. Herbert Dugdale, Ashtown Lodge, Co. Dublin.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange

Iveagh's dark bays, and Lord Derby's blacks were particu-



ENTERTAINING AT COWES THIS YEAR:
MRS. GEORGE COATS.

Mrs. George Coats is the mother of a prospective Duchess and a prospective Baroness, and is a clever and ambitious woman. Her husband is the brother next in age to Sir Thomas Glen Coats, and is a member of that most prosperous firm of sewing cotton makers.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

racing, and, no less, his readiness to listen to the comments of his circle, are excitements sadly missed. The social crowd, without a core to give it substance and flavour, has appeared aimless and dejected. But people do not say what they feel; and the convention has been to accept the Season in good part, and carry it through with a certain show of heartiness. When the rain comes, however, there are many people who are not sorry. Nature settles the matter for them, and they can be frankly dismal.

Petworth Park. Lord Leconfield comes to the partial rescue of a Goodwood bereft of many of its wonted features. At glorious Petworth he entertains the usual company. Not a few of his guests were reminded, before leaving town, of Petworth's past connection with the Arts. At the Private View of the new Turner wing at the Tate Gallery, the picture most discussed was an interior view of one of Lord Leconfield's splendid rooms—a wild orgy of



A LEADING HOSTESS AT COWES:
VISCOUNTESS GORT.

Viscountess Gort and her husband, Colonel Benson, are at East Cowes Castle, where they will entertain for the Regatta week. Lady Gort is the daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Robert Smith Surtees, of Hamsterley Hall, Co. Durham.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

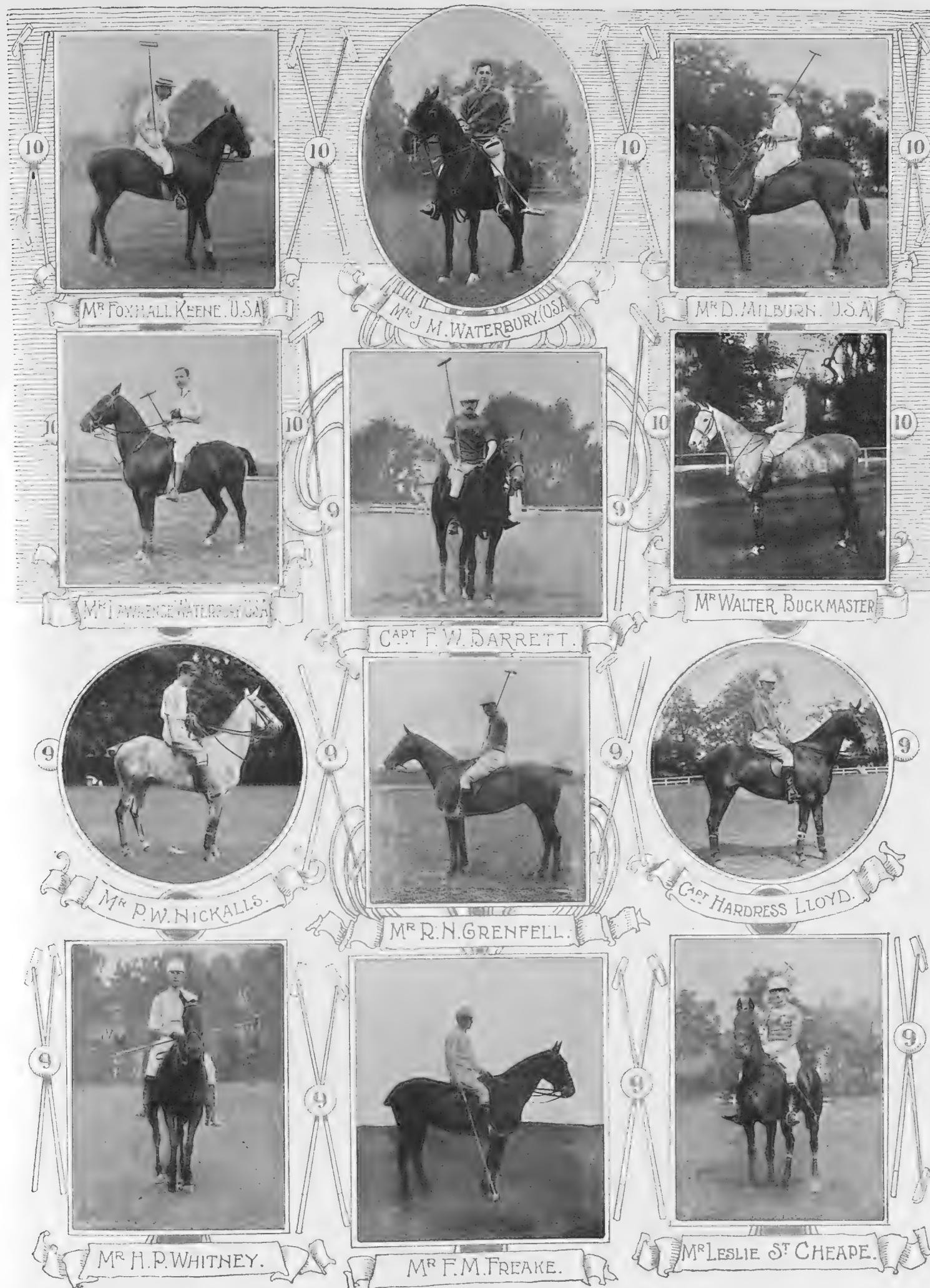
larly admired. Lady Eileen Browne was behind light browns on Mr. Hope Morley's coach, and so was Lady Altamont, whose name, people remarked, somehow seemed very much in keeping with her exalted position.

On which Sea-Side? A seaside sort, however great be its profits at this time of year, has not always honour in its own county, and the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, instead of hopping into their own Littlehampton, are flitting northward to Filey. The Duke, whom Mr. Lewis Harcourt the other day described as the mildest-mannered autocrat, even in his capacity as Earl Marshal, is not even an autocrat at all at his own breakfast-table, and the Yorkshire Duchess's preference for the coast of her own county carries the Duke and their two children with her. The Duke is a Yorkshireman, too, for that matter, if his Sheffield property be taken into count. Filey is an old haunt of his, and offers him a greater privacy than can be had on the Littlehampton sands, almost within sight of Arundel Castle.

A ROYAL AIRWOMAN: THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA.

The Duchess of Aosta, an all-round sportswoman, has now taken to the air as a field for her adventurous spirit. She spent her childhood and girlhood in England as Princess Hélène d'Orléans, and married, at Kingston-on-Thames, the cousin of the King of Italy. She has hunted, motored, shot big game, and travelled in Africa. She is sister to the Queen-Mother of Portugal, and was perhaps the most beautiful woman in Europe nine or ten years ago. Her health has caused much anxiety for the past three years.—[Photograph by Walter Barnett.]

HANDICAPS IN POLO: "SCRATCH" PLAYERS,
WITH OTHERS WHO ARE ALMOST "SCRATCH."



THE NEW SYSTEM OF HANDICAPPING IN POLO: PLAYERS WHO REPRESENT THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF GOALS.

Every polo player is now to have his handicap as in golf. The Recent Form List is abolished, and, instead of allowing one or two Recent Form List men in one team in a tournament, for the future players are to be handicapped by points, or goals, 10 to be the highest, or "scratch," mark for the best players. It will be seen from this page of portraits of leading players in England this season that, out of the five players with a handicap of 10, four are Americans (Messrs. Foxhall Keene, J. M. Waterbury, L. Waterbury, and D. Milburn), and only one an Englishman (Mr. Walter Buckmaster). In America "scratch" is reckoned at 9. English players are to be handicapped by a committee from Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton. In a match, the handicap points of the players are added up, and the team which has a smaller aggregate than the other is allowed to count the difference in its favour at the end of the game. Thus, when the Meadowbrook team played Rockaway in America, Meadowbrook's handicap points amounted to 22, Rockaway's to 18, and the difference of 4 goals was added to Rockaway's score. Meadowbrook scored 11 goals in the game, Rockaway 7, but the addition of 4 made them equal. Rockaway, however, had lost 1½ points by penalties to Meadowbrook's ½, so that the final total was, Meadowbrook 10½, Rockaway 9½.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The Low-Water Mark. We are now at the low-water mark of the season, and nothing has happened in the "select circle" of West-End theatres during the last week, unless the revival at the Lyceum of "A White Man" be taken into account; and since its adoption of "popular prices," the right of that once famous institution to be called a "West End" theatre has become doubtful. A distinguished Canadian advocate was grumbling to me the other day because he is kept in London for the Canadian cases now being taken before the Privy Council, and the ground of his grumble—leaving out his remarks about the weather—was the present state of the theatres, for he is a keen playgoer. No wonder he grumbled. What are we offering to the scores of thousands of American visitors who throng the streets and can be seen in crowds daily in the Temple, and to the host of Colonial and country cousins, to say nothing of genuine, unadulterated foreigners on a visit to the hub of the Universe? Seventeen so-called first-class West End London theatres are open. At six of them musical comedies are given; at the remaining eleven, plays belonging to the legitimate drama. For quantity this is not, perhaps, discreditable. Of the six musical comedies, two are by foreigners—that is not so bad. Of the eleven non-musical plays, only seven are by British authors, so that our total of seventeen is composed of eleven British works and six imported pieces.

The Quality of Our Wares. This state of things would be less depressing if one could feel proud of the little band of British plays, and this, alas! is quite impossible. In the whole collection,

MAGISTRA ARTIUM HONORIS CAUSÀ: MISS A. E. F. HORNIMAN, OWNER OF THE MANCHESTER GAIETY, HONORARY M.A. OF THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

Miss Horniman, the well-known proprietor of the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, recently received the honorary degree of M.A. from the Victoria University of Manchester.

Photograph by Schmidt.

there is only one piece that can be regarded as of at all remarkable quality, and that is a farce, "The Importance of Being Earnest." Now although this is quite a remarkably clever and witty farce, it is not in the first class of farces. It is enjoying on its second revival a brilliantly successful run, and, in fact, has been the most successful play of the whole season; but it is an old farce, and our visitors are entitled to turn up their noses and ask if we have nothing British more notable to offer than a revival of an old farce, however admirably it may be acted by Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Allan Aynesworth. What are the other British works? "The Scarlet Pimpernel," by the Baroness

Orczy and Montagu Barstow—a romantic melodrama; "The Whip," at Drury Lane, by Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton—a melodrama. These two, of course, are revivals. "The Naked Truth," at Wyndham's, by "George Paston" and W. B. Maxwell—a farce; "The Speckled Band," at the Adelphi, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—a melodrama; "Billy's Bargain," by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, at the Garrick, a sensational farce; and "Priscilla Runs Away," at the Haymarket, by Elizabeth Arnim—a light, somewhat farcical comedy. In speaking somewhat disparagingly, it may appear, of these pieces I am not disputing their excellence as specimens of the class to which they belong, or expressing a doubt as to their power of entertaining playgoers: it would be idle to do so. "The Scarlet Pimpernel" seems not unlikely to reach the record of "Charley's Aunt." "The Whip," I understand, is the most

successful of the long series to which it belongs; "The Naked Truth" has been running gaily for about three months, and "The Speckled Band" has got beyond its fiftieth performance, and none of them shows signs of exhaustion.

We are putting Downhearted, aside

the Oscar Wilde farce, is it possible for the most amiable person to pretend that, however successful they may be, any of these British pieces casts even the smallest scintilla of glory upon the British drama, or deny that they belong to the ordinary bread-and-butter of the theatre? If we turn to the musico-dramatic works, are we any better off? British pieces of this group are, "Our Miss Gibbs," at the Gaiety; "The Arcadians," at the Shaftesbury; "The Balkan Princess," at the Prince of Wales's; and "The Islander," at the Apollo. The first three are, I believe, enormously successful; the fourth has not been running long enough for anything to be said on the topic of success. Again, without disparagement of their attracting powers as entertainments, one may ask whether anybody could pretend that these works are matters of which we ought to be proud? Speaking brutally, is there one work in the two groups, unless it be "The Importance of Being Earnest," to which the patriotic Briton would take a cultured foreigner with any feeling of pride? Do any of them show that the storm and stress in theatredom of the past decade have produced anything valuable?

GIVING MATINÉES AT THE QUEEN'S FOR THE WEST HAM HOSPITAL: MISS CLARA ALEXANDER.

The first matinée was arranged for yesterday (the 26th), and the other is due for Thursday (the 28th). The programme comprises two short plays by Miss Kate Lyon, entitled "Peace," and "The Rose." Miss Alexander plays the heroine in each case.

Photograph by Stephenie Maud.



KILLING OFF THE CHARACTERS AT THE END OF "LA HABANERA": THE DEATH SCENE IN ACT III. In the final scene of "La Habanera" the fratricide Ramon (M. Bourbon) sits with Pilar by the grave of his brother, whom he murdered on the day he was going to marry Pilar, the girl whom Ramon also loves. Just before the murder Pilar and her betrothed had danced a habanera. Now Ramon tries to confess his crime to Pilar, but voices of the dead are heard singing a parody of the habanera tune to the words of the Burial Service. Pilar dies upon her lover's grave, and the guilty brother rushes away, apparently to kill himself. [Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

"FIND THE MIND'S CONSTRUCTION IN THE FACE."



THE LANGUAGE OF LOOKS: SUZANNE DESPRÉS, THE GREAT FRENCH ACTRESS,
GOING THROUGH THE WHOLE GAMUT OF THE EMOTIONS.

Suzanne Després was of humble origin, being the daughter of a mechanic of the Compagnie de l'Est. After going to school, she became a "trottin" in the Rue de la Paix, and saved up every week the thirty sous that opened for her the doors of the Théâtre Français. Here she listened with rapt attention to the beautiful lines spoken by Mounet Sully and other actors at famous theatres. From "trottin" she became a model, but devoted most of her wages to the purchase of books and seats at the theatre. At that time Lugné Poe was revolutionising the drama at L'Œuvre, producing plays by Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Björnson. One day Lugné Poe was visited by a timid young girl who had been introduced by one of his friends, an artist. It was Suzanne Després. She was asked to recite, and after a nervous start, Lugné Poe recognised that here was a genius. This was the beginning of Suzanne Després' great career as an actress, and it gave her a husband in the form of her first critic.

STAR TURNS

MISS CLARICE MAYNE AND HER PIANIST.

IT is a curiously interesting story how Miss Clarice Mayne became a star in the music-hall firmament. From the time she was a child she possessed a wonderful mimetic gift, which developed more and more as she grew older, until at about the age of sixteen she began to turn her thoughts to using her great talent on the stage. At this point, when she was about sixteen, the accidental circumstance happened which settled the matter.

"Her pianist" met her at a mutual friend's one day, and, hearing her sing, it was arranged that he should teach her. Although he elects to appear anonymously on the programme, everyone behind the scenes knows that he is Mr. Jas. W. Tate (his friends always call him "Jas."), and that his sister is Maggie Teyte, who has made so conspicuous a success as an operatic singer. He was then well known as the composer of innumerable successful songs for music-hall artists, as well as of occasional numbers in many musical comedies.

While he was giving Miss Mayne a lesson one day, the then manager of the Oxford Music Hall happened to go to his studio. From the next room he heard Miss Mayne sing. A few days later, one of his artists fell suddenly ill. He rang up Mr. Tate and told him, adding, "Don't you think I could get the girl I heard the other day to take her place?" At that time Miss Mayne's répertoire consisted of one song, and the band parts for it had never been orchestrated. "Never mind," said Mr. Tate to her, "if you'll help my friend out of his difficulty, I'll play the accompaniment for you on the piano, and you can do some of your imitations to fill out." She filled out indeed. Her success was instantaneous, and she sang for the rest of the week. Within a month she was engaged at the Palace Theatre for four weeks, but she remained there for four months, and returned again and again to fulfil engagements there.

Within two years she was starring in America, and a year later she was an accepted star in the West End of London, although, like many artists, she had to go out of her own country to be acclaimed.

At first, and for a long time, "her pianist" did the accompanying in the regular manner. He had long, however, thought of making his part a portion of the turn. The first time he did so was in a highly original fashion. A couple of years ago Miss Mayne was engaged as "principal boy" in one of the Glasgow pantomimes, and Mr. Tate was the conductor of the orchestra. When she sang one of her songs, accompanied by a chorus of girls, Mr. Tate stood up in his place and joined in his characteristically humorous way. The surprised and delighted audience encored the

incident eight times, and would have had it eight more if they had been allowed. The effect was one of the hits of the pantomime, and as it was elaborated from night to night it led to the present form which the turn now takes. Not long ago, some friends of Miss Mayne went to see the turn. When they met at supper, one of them turned to her and said smilingly, "You're very good, my dear, but you'd be nothing without him." For one horrible moment the thought flashed across her mind whether in future her turn would not be advertised as "Her Pianist" and Miss Clarice Mayne.

In her imitations of popular favourites, Miss Mayne introduces just that element of exaggeration which "F. C. G." puts into his sketches of political people. Everyone who knows Sir Francis Gould's methods is aware that he does not use the accepted symbols for the people he draws, but changes their features as they alter with the passing years. So with Miss Mayne. She is constantly seeing the people she imitates, to keep their mannerisms up to date. The touch of exaggeration, good-natured though it is, which she infuses into her work does not find favour with some of her subjects. One of them, not long ago, after hearing the house roar at Miss Mayne's imitation, turned to her and said, "If I'm really like that, I'm going to get off the stage." Happily, however, up to now, the stage has not lost the services of that brilliant artist. Certain others appreciate this sincerest form of flattery, and Miss Connie Ediss, whom Miss Mayne is imitating in her present engagement at the Tivoli, is glad to have so accomplished a comrade keep her name and method before English audiences while she is herself delighting the public in America.

Like some other well-known men on the stage, "her pianist" was intended for the ministry, and studied to that end for five years. Then he realised he had no vocation, and, keenly attracted to music, which he had studied with the well-known blind composer, Mr. H. T. Bywater, of Wolverhampton,

he eventually succeeded in obtaining a position as conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, when Mr. Hamish McCunn was also there. Later, he went to America, and for a long time toured the States as a boy organist, after which he went as conductor to various operatic organisations, and has conducted between thirty and forty operas. His humorous musical interpolations are therefore based on a deep knowledge of his subject, and his skill as a composer will no doubt be duly acknowledged in important work, as it is by the audiences which roar with laughter when Miss Mayne announces the last song in her turn as "Sung by This" (as she points to herself) "and composed by That" (as she points to "her pianist").



THE STAR THAT WAS EVOLVED
FROM A NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS:
MISS CLARICE MAYNE.

As explained on this page, it was quite by chance, or by "the evolution of a nebular hypothesis," that Miss Clarice Mayne became a music-hall star. Her audiences, however, have reason to thank their stars for the coincidence that brought her to the notice of the manager of the Oxford just as he required an artist at short notice.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

other English

he eventually succeeded in obtaining a position as conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, when Mr. Hamish McCunn was also there.



"SUNG BY THIS AND COMPOSED BY THAT": "HER PIANIST" AND MISS CLARICE MAYNE
IN AN EARLY VICTORIAN TURN.

The precise significance of "This" and "That" as applied to the above photograph will be discovered by the intelligent reader on reference to the last sentence in our article on this page. The early Victorian song, in which Miss Clarice Mayne appears in a crinoline, is one of the most popular items in her répertoire.—[Photograph by C. Russell.]

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**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
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A BAD SHOT.



SHORT-SIGHTED OLD LADY: Good gracious, what dreadful language these quarrymen use!

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A PRINCESS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE AND HER REMINISCENCES.

IN spite of her attacks (and they are certainly spiteful) on the Empress Eugénie, against whom she makes some grave insinuations, the reminiscences* of the late Princess Caroline Murat (grand-daughter of the



A NAPOLEONIC AUTOBIOGRAPHER WHO COMMENTS SEVERELY ON EMINENT PERSONS: THE LATE PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT, WHOSE MEMOIRS HAVE JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Mr. Robert Leighton, who has edited the Memoirs of Napoleon's grand-niece, the late Princess Caroline Murat, writes in his preface: "The Princess . . . had no access to books or documentary records by which to verify her recollections. . . . It is probable that had the Princess lived. . . . she would have omitted, or at least softened, many comments and criticisms on eminent persons which in the rush of spontaneous writing she had set down."

with an extremely jealous disposition of the San Donato Palace, the scene of a brilliant gathering, . . . he suddenly . . . strode up to his young wife and slapped her on both cheeks in a manner so truly Caucasian, so publicly insulting, that forgiveness was impossible."

Both Princess Mathilde and Princess Caroline Murat herself were at one time within measurable distance of becoming Empress of the French, until Napoleon III. met the beautiful Spaniard, Eugénie de Montijo. Miss Howard, who before his marriage was his mistress and had great influence with him, "remarked to a friend, who, of course," writes Princess Caroline, "repeated the *propos* to me, 'Cette petite sotte [i.e., Princess Caroline] would have been Empress of the French if she had had the good sense to wait.' Princess Caroline, however, was already married, in 1850, to her first husband, Baron de Chassiron, who, curiously enough, belonged to an old family of Orleanist sympathies. She herself does not seem to have desired to be Empress. To a friend who repeated Miss Howard's remark to her, she replied, "Yes, I know. A great many people think the same—my family among others; but I'm not made to reign over France. My ambition does not go as far as that. One would have to reach a height of character to which I should never be able to attain. No, I will be content to rule over a few French hearts."

She expresses her regret that Princess Mathilde did not marry Napoleon III.

"More than once he proposed marriage to her, and it is recorded that while he was a prisoner at Ham, hearing of her marriage with Anatole Demidoff, in 1840, he wept and said bitterly to Barrot, 'This is the last and heaviest blow that fortune had in store for me.' It is possible—indeed, very probable—that had my aunt been Empress of the French, the Franco-Prussian War would never have taken place." Princess Mathilde had a "recognised lover, Count de Nieuwerkerke." One day in her salon she scolded her dog: "'Chance is in disgrace to-day. All through the night she kept me awake by jumping on my bed.' She had hardly spoken when Count Nieuwerkerke entered the room. The greyhound, greeting him, was reprimanded. 'Go away, you naughty dog! Thanks to you, I never got a wink of sleep last night. How dare you jump on people's beds!' The guests exchanged meaning glances."

The Emperor himself could come out with a piquant repartee on occasion. "The Archbishop of Paris was one of his Majesty's guests. After dinner . . . the Archbishop suddenly became aware that ladies in laces and diamonds surrounded him—that dancing was about to begin. 'Ah, Sire!' he exclaimed in alarm, 'permettez moi de me sauver bien vite.' . . . The Emperor detaining him, 'Mais, Sire,' objected the Archbishop, 'voyez, je suis chassé par les épaulles.' The Emperor, with the quick wit we all knew so well, then smiled as he said: 'Alors les *saints* (*seins*) doivent vous retenir'—and the Archbishop ran the faster, laughing as he went."

On another occasion, one of Marshal Magnan's daughters was asked by Mme. de Metternich to represent Eros in a tableau. "Doubtful concerning her costume, she sent a message to her military parent: 'Dear Papa,—I am playing Love to-night. . . . I implore you to send me all I shall need for the part.' 'Certainly,' he responded promptly, and of course he sent her nothing."

Space prevents the quotation of further extracts from these interesting memoirs, which, as will be seen, have their humorous as well as their inevitably sorrowful side. Princess Caroline, although she took an Englishman (Mr. Garden) as her second husband, was no lover of England or the English, and she expresses her prejudices with refreshing candour. English readers will doubtless understand and forgive, if only for the entertainment which her memoirs have provided for them. She died, we must remember, when the Entente Cordiale was only just developing, and she inherited the bitterness of St. Helena.



THE MOST EMINENT PERSON CRITICISED BY PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT: THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE IN 1906.

To continue our quotation from Mr. Robert Leighton's preface to Princess Caroline Murat's Memoirs—"She had the courage of her opinions regarding individuals, and bitter though her statements concerning the Empress Eugénie sometimes are, I doubt if she would willingly have withdrawn or qualified any of them."



PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT IN 1851: FROM A PAINTING BY BENEDICT MASON.

This portrait of the Princess was painted in the year after her first marriage, which took place in July 1850, when she was not quite seventeen, having been born on December 31, 1833. "My father," she writes, "returned from Italy . . . very much disgusted that I had allowed myself and been allowed to dance myself into an engagement with the Baron de Chassiron."

Reproduced, with the other illustrations on this page, from "My Memoirs," by the Princess Caroline Murat, by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Some Headings to Our City Notes.

No. I.—COMPANY RESULTS.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



RETRIBUTION.

By MARIAN BOWER.

IT was during one of those native risings in German South Africa that a force of regular troops, just landed at Walfish Bay, was despatched up-country to Windhoek, and then onwards to suppress—or to try to suppress—a tribe and its chief, who were out in open rebellion, murdering, burning, destroying all that they came across.

A detachment from this main force, under Helmuth von Zicker-mann, with a nigger guide, had been sent to push still further into that waste of desert which, stretching towards the Kalmakari country, grows more desolate and more barren with each step.

A native was the cause of this second expedition. The savage represented that he belonged to a tribe at enmity with that in rebellion, that he had been caught by his foes and so ill-treated (and he showed wounds but half-healed in corroboration of his story) that the wish for revenge had brought him to the white man's camp, prepared to lead the Germans straight to the kraal of the revolted chief.

The information—if it were true, and the General in command, an authority on tactics, but new to the slimness of South Africa, decided that it must be true—was exceedingly valuable.

Nothing so effectually brings the native to heel as to surround his lair and to drive off his cattle. The loss of his wives he regards with equanimity. Experience has taught him that the European will feed his miscellaneous women-folk better than he would himself and then return them, exactly, when, peace being enforced, he has leisure to require their attention on his mealie patch.

The detachment under Major von Zicker-mann obeyed the summons for special duty cheerfully enough, but when they had been toiling through a waste without a single distinguishing feature—as far as their unaccustomed eyes could see—for days, in the blackness of a peculiarly dark night, the nigger guide disappeared.

It was about an hour before dawn when Von Zicker-mann was aroused to hear this news. He stood, when he was sure that there was no mistake, his great frame stiff, upright, his head thrown back, his eyes, the steel-blue eyes of the Prussian, turned to where he looked for the first streaks of pale light on the horizon. And, as he watched, he was obliged to own to himself that it would have been wiser to have taken the advice of the settler, Frank Bridges, who had marched with them as a volunteer, and tied the nigger up each night. He had also to admit that he, a German officer, the product of the finest military training in the world, had been duped by an ignorant savage without so much as the proverbial string of beads for a covering.

But these humiliating considerations were soon thrust aside by another. It was certain that the detachment could not locate the rebels' kraal without a guide. It was equally certain that it could not stay where it was. True, if Von Zicker-mann did not return, a reinforcement would be sent to look for him; but no one knew in which direction to search. It would only be by luck if the two forces met. There was but one way—one way only. The detachment under Von Zicker-mann must turn round and endeavour to march back.

When the dawn broke, Von Zicker-mann addressed his men and made the decision known to them. From that minute the spirit went out of the band; they marched wearily, they did a shorter distance each day, they began to cast away articles of accoutrement, at first surreptitiously, then all but openly.

It was in vain that their Major, that Von Ravelburg, the young Captain with the laugh in his eyes, first threatened, then punished, and finally appealed to the men under them. Frank Bridges had come to have more influence with the detachment than had the commanding officers.

The weary, footsore, sun-blistered, half-blinded men had discovered that if anyone could lead them back to safety, it would be this settler, who saw signs that escaped their eyes, who heard sounds which left their ears deaf, who showed them when there was game about, and how to prevent the quarry escaping them.

They might have tramped on to the end still German soldiers, under German discipline, at least so Von Zicker-mann thought, but suddenly fever appeared among them. One man went down, then another, Von Ravelburg was laid in one of the two waggons more dead than alive, a great sergeant from the sandy plains about Dantzig followed, then a town-bred lad from Berlin, another, and another.

Von Zicker-mann realised that with the fever raging among them his detachment could not march.

"We must entrench," he decided. "With rest, all will soon be able to set out again."

Frank Bridges, with his spare frame, his shoulders hunched as if from hard work, his face almost covered with a thick growth of

hair, set the example. He was the first man to turn the sandy earth over into a soft wall. The Major recognised, with a setting of his lips and a thrust out of his square jaw, that, had the settler not taken up the spade, his command might have hesitated to obey. It was at Frank Bridges' suggestion, too, that every blade of grass, every bush, every scrub was cleared for a ring of about ten feet wide round the entrenchment, that the two waggons were drawn up side by side, as if for a last stand, within the defence.

Then the sun-blistered, blue-lipped, shaking men sat down to the terrible monotony of waiting. Hunger was close on them, thirst was already with them, the fodder was so nearly done that the horses were but skin and bone. The sun came out every morning, and blazed with so unvarying a brilliancy that the men within the laager cried aloud for one hour of Prussian mists, of the searching wind from the Baltic. The night fell so fast, and was always as cold as the day had been hot, until the very variations of temperature became a torture in themselves.

"Himmel!" muttered the lad from Berlin as he awoke, unrefreshed, to recollect what was before him: "Are we not like rats in a trap caught?"

It was the first open expression of despair. But what one youth only had ventured to whisper in the morning, others, and the seasoned soldiers among them, would be saying, and saying aloud, before the sun went down.

Frank Bridges heard; and he strolled over to the other side of the laager, and stood with his face turned to the east, his eyes staring before him as if they saw some great, some momentous thing which was hidden from the others.

Whatever might have been his meditations, they were suddenly cut short. In the hot, breathless stillness there came a sharp, crackling sound.

Bridges turned about. He was in between the waggons in a moment; the Major's heavy frame came lumbering behind him.

Bridges knew, Von Zicker-mann knew, what they would find there. The two were right.

They bent over what had been but a moment before Ludwig Korte. The soldier, on active service, had died by his own hand.

The settler looked at the officer. The two pairs of eyes met. Both men knew what this meant. Both men knew that they were face to face with a new horror. Demoralisation had set in, and not even disease itself is more contagious. What Ludwig, with his stripes, with his flaxen-haired "Braut" awaiting him had done in this early morning, another would do to-morrow, then another.

"We must bury him ourselves," muttered Von Zicker-mann, drawn at last to partnership with the volunteer he had treated disdainfully, whose very presence he had resented, because, in this extremity, he knew instinctively that if it came to a last stand, he would find this bearded Colonial shoulder to shoulder with him.

"But how can we account for a man missing?" Frank answered in return to the Major's suggestion.

The big man groaned.

"Summon two men for fatigue duty," he commanded, shortly.

Ludwig Korte—all, that is, which remained of him—was covered over in the soft soil; but the consequences of his surrender remained, and they were exactly what Von Zicker-mann had looked for.

In the quick, brief twilight of that same day, another fever-stricken soul went out with a bullet through his brain.

The Major gave the word for every man who could stand to parade before him, almost before that little wreath of blue smoke had drifted out into the still air.

Then, with the baggage-waggons behind him, with his detachment, unshaven, unwashed, for the most part in their shirt sleeves, with their eyes unnaturally large, with their frames lean from hunger, with the sun one blazing ball of orange about to dip below the horizon on the west, he addressed them.

"Kamaraden," appealed this great man, and he spoke not as the commanding officer, but as a friend to a friend, with a note of urgency in his voice and with a driven look overwhelming the fierceness in his eyes. "Kamaraden, you are men, not cowards. The soldier who takes his own life wrongs not only himself but those he leaves behind. We require all our strength, and already two have failed us. Kamaraden, I beseech you, for the love of yourselves, for the sake of the Fatherland, because you—"

He stopped short, pulled up by the very thing he had been pleading to prevent.

Another shot cracked into the stillness, another man fell forward, went down on to the ground with a dull thud.

Continued overleaf.

WHICH GROUND HIS TEETH?



JOINER (*to his apprentice*): Well, Willie, have you sharpened all the tools?

WILLIE: Yus—all but the 'and-saw, and I haven't quite got all the gaps out of it.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

Instinctively Von Zickermann's glance flew to Bridges. He was confronted with that before which he was powerless, he had before him an emergency of which there was no mention in the drill-book.

"Gott in Himmel!" he whispered, confessing all his helplessness.

Then Frank Bridges stepped up, facing the Major; between them was the dead man, lying face downwards, one arm outstretched, the revolver that had slipped away as the grasp of the fingers relaxed, lying a few inches farther on.

"My time has come," began the Colonial slowly, distinctly, and even the apathetic men who were so broken that they could see a comrade die with indifference, raised their heads, for the settler was speaking German, and such German as they were accustomed to hear in their officers' mess-room.

"It is my turn now," this bearded man in the nondescript garments went on. "I propose to leave the camp to-night, to trek back to the base and to bring help to you."

The announcement effectually aroused those who heard it. The majority, who accepted the words as they were spoken, felt a new life spring up in them, but Von Zickermann stood silent, and Von Ravelsburg, shaking with fever, let fly an oath.

"Are you mad?" he demanded. "Are you mad?"

The settler shook his head.

"You know better than any of us what is before you," the high, feverish tones expostulated. "You know what it would mean if the niggers were to catch you; and who has been so sure as you that the blacks were about; and who has insisted on the need for sentries as you have? Men," and now their Captain appealed straight to the knot of listening soldiers, "men, when the niggers have a white prisoner to dispose of it sometimes takes that poor wretch twelve hours to die."

The words and all the horror they implied struck home. A sergeant dropped on the sand with a groan, a great fellow began to curse stolidly, the lad from Berlin twisted himself between the knees of those in front and reached out for the revolver lying on the ground.

Bridges anticipated him, picked up the weapon, discharged the remaining barrels one by one into the air, and then threw it back. He turned, and looked significantly to the Major. Von Zickermann saw the glance, started, bent forward, peered insistently with a new wonder and a new bewilderment into the bearded face.

The two stood thus measuring each other with their eyes.

Next Bridges faced about and looked from man to man of the weary group.

"Leave us," he said, as if it were his to command, "Major von Zickermann and I must settle this matter together."

For sheer astonishment there was a moment's pause. Next Von Ravelsburg, but just able to put one foot before the other, raised his hand to the salute, and dragged himself out of earshot. The others followed, until only the settler and the German officer were left, with the lifeless figure lying face downwards between them, and the first shadows of night stealing out of the waste towards them.

It was Bridges who spoke first.

"If this is not stopped every man but you and the Herr Hauptmann and I will shoot himself," he began.

Von Zickermann nodded sullenly.

"You are responsible for the men under you, Herr Major?" the settler went on.

The officer nodded again.

"You know that I, and I alone, know enough of the country to have a chance of getting back to the base."

"Yes," and the one word wedged itself with a hiss from between Von Zickermann's clenched teeth.

"You know that if I summoned the men and said that you would not let me go, they would defy you and your authority."

"What are you coming to?" flashed out the German officer.

"To this," retorted Frank Bridges, taking no notice of the contempt in the other's voice, on the other's face. "To this: that I am in command now, not you; that the force will obey me, not you; that it is for me to speak, and for you to acquiesce or be silent."

The big man leaned forward.

"You want to make terms?" he cried scornfully. "You want to make conditions?"

"Yes," returned the settler. "I do want to make conditions, and you cannot refuse them."

"State your terms," answered Helmuth von Zickermann, as he drew himself up, as he folded his arms across his broad chest.

"They are these," answered Bridges: "That you set out to-night with me as soon as it is dark; that when you have ridden side by side with me for one hour, you pull up. I will ride on. I leave you to make your way to the base or to return to this laager—if you can. But I leave you, alone, unarmed, without even so much as a compass."

The German heard. A greyness suddenly showed between the red sun-blisters on his cheeks.

"It would mean certain death—a lingering death of thirst, of starvation unless—" he choked, he could not prevent it—"unless," he resumed, "the niggers came across me."

Bridges acquiesced with a movement of his head.

The great man took out his revolver, held it out.

"Shoot me down: will that not satisfy you?" he asked.

The settler pushed the weapon away. "Do you want to join him?" he asked, and he referred to the dead man at their feet.

The two waited facing each other. Already the greyness was over the sky, over the waste.

"Man," gasped Von Zickermann, "have you no mercy?"

Bridges shook his head.

"Why," he flashed out, a torrent of pent-up passion finding expression in these words, "should I have mercy on you, Helmuth von Zickermann?"

The cry, the voice, the use of the first name, arrested the soldier.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, and then as he looked again he suddenly changed the form of his question. "Who are you?" he cried out.

The bearded Colonial smiled very slowly.

"Is it so long ago," he demanded, "that you have forgotten Bonn, the garrison there, your friend Franz Zwei-brücken?"

The Major started. In this God-forsaken spot, with the ocean rolling between him and the lovely town by the Rhine where two years of his young manhood had been spent, retribution had come up with him. He heard again—he had heard it so often for years—Franz saying to him that he loved Pauline; that Pauline loved him. They were brother subalterns, he and Franz. Both of them knew that there was no chance of Franz obtaining his Colonel's permission to make Pauline his wife, for she was very poor, and every officer's wife must bring him a certain "dot." Moreover, she was not his equal in position. Both men knew that if Franz married her it would entail expulsion for him from his regiment, from his family.

"Nevertheless?" Von Zickermann had questioned, for he heard the determination in the voice speaking to him.

"Nevertheless," echoed his comrade, his friend, "I mean to marry Pauline. You will keep my secret, mein Jüngling?"

Von Zickermann had promised, and even as he promised he knew that he meant to break his word. *He loved Pauline himself!*

The very next morning the Colonel called up Zwei-brücken, informed him that the regiment could not be disgraced by a *mésalliance*, that he must give up Pauline or resign his commission. The lad resigned on the spot, his family disowned him, he disappeared; but the treachery did nothing to profit the man who had betrayed him. Pauline disappeared also, and though Von Zickermann sought her, he never learned what had become of her.

As this came back to Helmuth von Zickermann, he turned suddenly to the man beside him.

"Who are you?" he cried out.

"I was Franz Zwei-brücken," came the quick answer.

The big man heard, understood. Vengeance had sought him out, had come up with him. He acknowledged the justice of it. He stood silent, while the darkness grew closer and closer. He was no coward when it came to it; he had done wrong, and now that he had to pay he would not whine and he would not squirm.

"I accept your decision," he said quietly, firmly, "but on one condition."

"And that is?" thrust in the settler.

"That you tell me, if you know, what has become of Pauline."

"She is my wife."

"And," went on the Major, "has she been happy? Swear to tell me the truth; has she been happy, man? I have never forgotten her; I have never loved another woman as I loved her. Tell me, has she been happy?"

"Yes," answered the man who was once Franz Zwei-brücken. "Yes, Pauline has been happy."

"Then," flashed out Von Zickermann, "I will not leave you an hour after we set out to-night; I will ride by you until we are within sight of safety, or die fighting by you. I wronged Pauline once; I wronged you, Franz Zwei-brücken. I do not ask your pardon. No words could make atonement for such an offence as mine. But I offer you—and Pauline—deeds. I will ride by you, I will see you safe or die over you, and then—"

"And then?" hoarsely whispered the man who was listening.

"I will turn back into the waste. I will ride out to die alone. But I shall die as I never thought to, for I shall have done something for Pauline at last."

He ceased; he turned about. He had said all there was to be said.

In five minutes more the full blackness of the night would have come and they would set out.

As he, Helmuth von Zickermann, stood, as he waited, he knew that the settler had come up to him, was standing close to him.

"Mein Alte," choked the man who had been so grievously wronged, "Mein Alte, we will go together—it is true, we will go together; but we will not part. There shall be no riding back into the waste for you!"

At first Von Zickermann did not understand.

"Pauline would not have us part," the other went on. "Do you understand? Pauline would not have us part. I joined your expedition because you commanded. I waited, because I knew you would have need of me. I tried you just now to prove to Pauline, to myself, what manner of man you had become; and now I say, come back with me if you will, share the danger if you will, but when we reach safety come on still farther with me, come on to where Pauline is watching for me."

The silence fell again. The darkness was down now on the two men who stood side by side, who felt about and grasped hands.

THE END.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

THE young pheasants have now been removed from the coops to the covers, and the keeper's assistants are enjoying the doubtful pleasures of night duty. They must parade the woodland in all weathers, blowing horns and shouting, for their young charges have not yet learned to take to the high branches for their sleeping accommodation, and but for the noise, "Uncle Fox" and his industrious wife would have countless dainty morsels for a growing family. I have been watching with the help of a field-glass a litter of cubs at play by the side of some gorse, a short half-mile from my porch, and have been struck by the unconcern of the rabbits that live and thrive in a neighbouring sandbank. I suppose the truth is that both fox and vixen like to hunt well away from home, and they choose an earth in the immediate neighbourhood of the rabbits in order that, if other food is scarce, they may have a living larder within reach. But why do the rabbits, who so frequently change their quarters when they think they will, remain content to live next door to one of their worst enemies?

I have spoken to sporting men and to naturalists about this, but nobody seems able to offer a reasonable explanation.

The time has come when those who wish to reach the moors in good trim would do well to get their guns out and betake themselves to the nearest sporting ground on which they may practise at the clay pigeons. Some men are content to go out over their



IN FULL WAR-PAINT AS A BIG CHIEF: SIR HENRY M. PELLATT, WHO IS BRINGING THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA TO ALDERSHOT. Sir Henry M. Pellatt, Commanding Officer of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, is bringing the regiment over at his own expense, for manoeuvres at Aldershot next month—the first time a complete Colonial regiment has been there. Sir Henry was made a Big Chief by Indians at a Toronto pageant last month.

Photograph by H. James.



RULER OF TWO MILLIONS: THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA, NOW IN ENGLAND.

The Gaekwar of Baroda, who is one of the most loyal, powerful, and enlightened of the Indian Princes ruling native states, has just arrived on a visit to this country. He is especially interested in education, having established free compulsory schools in Baroda. He also intends to introduce English games, for the Indian scholars, who, he says, almost always works too hard.

Photograph by Langfier.

own land and wage war against young rabbits and woodpigeons; but experience has taught me that this is a great mistake. Gunfire in the neighbourhood of young broods is always apt to drive the birds off the ground. I remember some years ago in Scotland coming up against an exceptionally wet August, so wet that after the Twelfth, which was comparatively fine—it boasted an hour's sunshine—the drive to the moors was not worth taking, and I decided to leave the grouse for better weather. So, in company with a couple of friends, I went all over the low-ground shootings, which were rather less than a thousand acres, and gathered an ample bag of pigeon, duck, snipe, rabbits, and hares. September ushered in fine days, but partridges were conspicuously absent; the only coveys raised were on the hills reaching to the moorland, the one part on which there had been no shooting. I comforted myself with the thought that the little brown birds were living in the oats, where, as all the corn is drilled and not hand-sown, they would have all the room they wanted. But when the oats were cut at

last there were no partridges, though my man had reported a considerable number of young birds in late July, and my neighbours were having good sport—"Better than ever," said one, whose lanc marched with mine. It was soon clear that the firing on the low ground had driven birds across the river, on to land that was not disturbed until the corn was cut, and I never made the same mistake again.

Perhaps the chief drawback to practice on the shooting grounds is in the reversal of natural conditions. When a bird is raised its speed increases as it passes out of range; when a clay pigeon is sent from the trap its movement soon slackens, and if you like to wait you can smash disc after disc. The temptation is to wait, for even in firing at the clay a man likes to hit, and the instructors will not always remind a young and inexperienced gunner that unless he can reach the disc at once he might as well save his cartridge. The best plan is to work with the double trap that can send out two at once, and seek to get a right and left. If this can be done the practice is good enough, and a few days of it will send the gunner to the North sufficiently well drilled to acquit himself creditably in the thrilling moment when the far cry of "Mark! mark!" preludes the arrival of the birds, that seem to skim through the air like a stone slung from a giant catapult.

They look so large, and seem so even in their movement, that it is always hard to explain why they would not come down.

Unless we have some fine weather and a good harvest, many farmers and landowners are likely to find themselves in difficulties at Michaelmas. In parts of the country round me, the hay was not gathered in the third week of July, and much was not worth carting. Fruit of the larger kind is conspicuous by its absence, and the corn seems to be very patchy; good fields and bad ones lie side by side. This spells a rebate on the rent on some estates and a considerable amount of trouble among farmers who have between five hundred and fifteen hundred acres of their own, and a large capital outlay involved. Smaller men fare better under existing conditions, for their expenses are less and they do a considerable part of the hard work for themselves, and keep their one or two assistants fully occupied. As far as one can see, the land has devoted a great part of its energy this year to weed raising, a work that satisfies nothing except the birds that live upon the weed seeds and would probably say that they have no serious complaint to make against the summer of 1910.—MARK OVER.



REPORTED TO BE ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT HITT: MISS KATHERINE ELKINS.

It will be remembered that Miss Katherine Elkins' name was much before the public when her engagement to the Duke of Abruzzi was discussed. Her father refused to allow her to become his Royal Highness's wife unless she would be received at Court as the Duke's equal. It has now been reported that she is engaged to Lieutenant Hitt, son of the late Mr. H. H. Hitt, a famous Illinois Congressman.

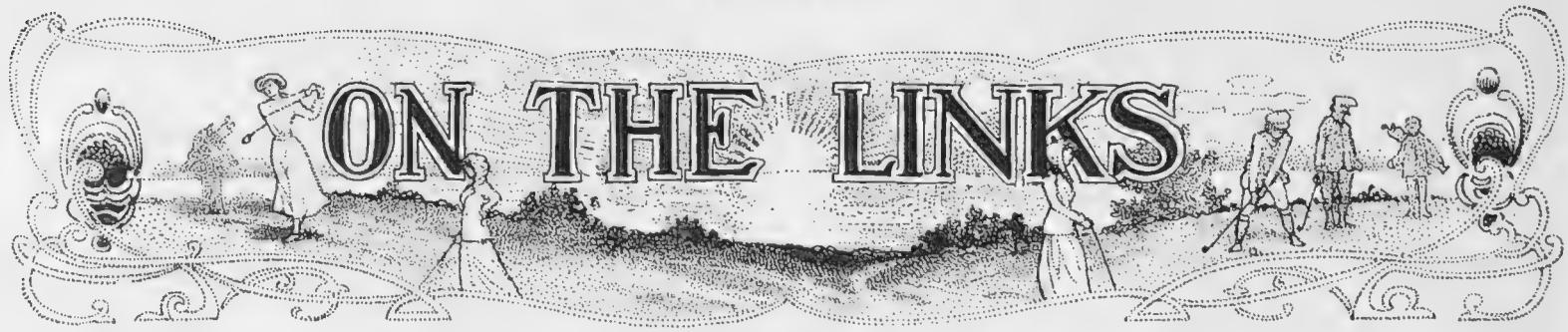
Copyright Photograph by E. V. Buck.



WIFE OF THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA: THE MAHARANEE OF BARODA.

The Maharani of Baroda has come to England with her husband, having crossed from America in the "Mauretania." She found American women very vague in their ideas on geography. They asked whether she was East Indian, West Indian, or American Indian, and also whether Baroda was in Pombay or Bombay in Baroda.

Photograph by Langfier.



By HENRY LEACH.

Golfing Holidays. Even though we play golf all the year round, and on six days of the week—and sometimes more—nevertheless, when August and September come we feel that we want our golfing holiday just the same. The only thing comparable to the deep pleasure of that, is the preliminary process of deciding where it shall be spent. This is really much more delightful than the reflections upon it afterwards, even though the place selected exceeded expectations in its charm and general quality, and the weather all the time was perfect. The reason for this is partly because, in anticipation, the golfer more or less subconsciously bases his ideas and arrangements on future play that is to be almost perfect. Talking over the points of the course they are going to visit together, one man observes that the fifth hole is 460 yards long, and that they will have to hit two good ones to reach the green. The other man says that if he has a little wind to help him he should not be at all surprised if he did it with a driver and a cleek. It is nice to think like this. When the time really comes to play that fifth hole, it is done with a drive, two niblicks, a brassey, two more niblicks, a light iron, a mashie, another niblick, and then three putts. You see, there is a difference, and that is why golfers sometimes come back from their holidays and say it is so nice to settle down on their home-course once again.

Selecting the Place. But the anticipation of the holiday is unalloyed delight. There is golf everywhere in these days, and it is splendid to contemplate the map and the directories with an open mind and consider where to go. You can golf everywhere now, and the variety that is afforded has made a difference in people's tastes. This year, I find that there is a strong demand for restful golf, as it might be called—nine-hole courses which are short and easy, in picturesque, quiet, and secluded places, where golfers may play a little and browse much more,

and then play again, if so inclined, and never be worried by inaccessible ambitions about doing a most difficult course in eighty, or only one or two more. Then I discover that there is an increasing demand for golf in the North of Ireland. Some of the Continental places also are to be very busy with their golf—are already so. For the real thing—absolutely first-class golf—Le Touquet has taken the first place among these. The

course is of full seaside character—it is long, splendidly bunkered, and the greens are fine. I sometimes wonder whether the short hole there, which you play over the trees with a niblick, is quite the thing; but, generally speaking, the course is good enough for a championship to be played upon it. I have enjoyed it immensely.

East Coast of England. We hear much about the golfing properties of the

East coast of Scotland,

and far too little, comparatively, about those of the East coast of England, which is rich to a vast affluence in fine courses for holiday golf. Two of my own chief favourites—and may I never miss a season again without visiting them both—are on it. At the bottom end is Deal, a championship links and one of the very finest and most interesting in the world. One never gets tired of playing at Deal, and when you do those great last four holes in anything less than an average of fives, you are a very happy man. Thousands of holiday golfers go to Deal, and if it were only four hundred miles from London instead of being less than a three-hours' journey on the South Eastern there would be thousands more. And within walking distance of it there are the Sandwich and Prince's courses. Nowhere in the world are three such fine courses so close together. The other love of mine is up on the Norfolk coast, at Brancaster—the course of the Royal West Norfolk club. It is seven miles from the nearest station, which is Hunstanton—and there is some fine seaside golf at Hunstanton itself—and you must drive those seven miles. So some people say that Brancaster is inaccessible; but when

I reflect that I may rise from my bed at half-past nine in London, associate myself with the Great Eastern Railway at Liverpool Street at five minutes past eleven, and then play, not one, but even two rounds at Brancaster before dinner, I ask what more does anyone want? The advantage of the situation is that you have no trippers at Brancaster. They are all golfers there, and they stay together in one of the most delightful things in dormy houses you can imagine.



PRACTISING GOLF AT SEA: LADY MURIEL PAGET ON BOARD
SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S YACHT "ERIN."

Even when they are on the briny ocean golfers are not prevented from practising strokes in their favourite sport. Lady Muriel Paget, in our photograph, is practising driving with an automatic drive-measuring apparatus, on board the "Erin," which followed the airmen's flights from Bournemouth to the Needles.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



THE CHAMPION WHO FAILED TO QUALIFY FOR THE £240 TOURNAMENT: JAMES BRAID DRIVING.

For the first time in the history of the £240 Professional Golfers' Tournament, James Braid, this year's Open-Champion, failed to secure a place in the Southern Qualifying Competition, which took place at Stoke Poges last week. Braid has won the Open Championship four times before, in 1901, 1905, 1906 and 1908.

Photograph by Sport and General.



WINNER OF THE TOOTING BEC CUP, AND FIRST IN THE "NEWS OF THE WORLD" SOUTHERN QUALIFYING COMPETITION AT STOKE POGES: JAMES SHERLOCK DRIVING.

In the Southern Qualifying Competition for the £240 Professional Golf Tournament, which is to take place at Sunningdale on Oct. 4, 5 and 6, James Sherlock, the Stoke Poges professional, headed the list, doing the rounds in 75 and 73. He also won the Tooting Bec Cup for the best score for 36 holes.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Big Money at Bournemouth.

British holiday at Bournemouth. Of this amount Morane, the intrepid French Blériot manipulator, took nearly half, with his nettings amounting to the princely sum of £3525, for which he flew highest, 4107 feet; daily altitude, 4107 feet; attained an oversea speed of fifty miles per hour, and an overland speed of 55·9 miles per hour; did the fastest circuit, 56·64 miles per hour; achieved general merit and scored third place for weight-carrying, 412 lb. Our own Grahame-White came next with the respectable purse of £1410, gained by being third for height, 1660 feet; making the longest flight, 90 miles 17·40 yards; achieving third position in sea flight, 27·44 miles per hour; alighting best; M.U. prize for highest by British aviator; third starting-prize; competitors' assistants' prize; and second in weight-carrying, 425 lb., 3 min. 25 sec. He also gained the *Daily Telegraph* prize for British aviators, and the Aerial League prize.

Quite Respectable Sums.

was second in the merit. He was also fourth in the speed contest. Captain Dickson came next with £790, being fourth for greatest altitude, winner of the Saturday daily altitude; fourth for longest flight, 12 miles 860 yards; fourth for alighting; fourth for general merit; first for starting-prize (35 yards 0 ft. 7 in.), and first for weight-carrying, 407½ lb., in 3 min. 23 sec. M. Audemars, who flew a Clément-Bayard machine, made £460, being third for longest flight, making longest flight on a monoplane, and running second to Morane for speed.

Lord Lonsdale Chairs the A.A.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Automobile Association, held at the Hotel Cecil on Tuesday of last week, Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bt., who occupied the chair, paid a well-deserved tribute to the past work of the retiring chairman and founder of the Association, Colonel Bosworth, who, by reason of ill-health, has been reluctantly forced to resign a position in which he has done so much good work. In the course of his speech, Sir Archibald made the interesting and important announcement that the Earl of Lonsdale

had been good enough to accept the Committee's invitation to become chairman in Colonel Bosworth's place. I think the members of this most energetic and useful body are to be congratulated upon Lord Lonsdale's acceptance, for not only is his Lordship a keen motorist, but a keen horseman in addition, and his presence at the head of an association like the A.A. must have great effect in reconciling conflicting interests. In this connection too, it is interesting to note that Lord Lonsdale is, amongst other things, Hereditary Admiral of the coasts of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and has been twice Mayor of Whitehaven.

Tyre-Wear It is notso wonderful very long ago that a section of the English motoring public held strenuously and persistently that nothing good, from an automobile point of view could come out of this

country. Particularly was this the case with respect to tyres, but now—oh, what an alteration! I was lately shown a batch of testimonials—unsolicited, of course—which the Avon India-rubber Company are rightly proud to show. One correspondent, a medical man, than whom none are harder on tyres, tells of a 810 by 100 Avon cover that ran 11,800 miles on a 12-15-h.p. Hillman, and after a burst and vulcanising, scored another 2450 miles. The County Chemical Company, of Birmingham, testify to a front Avon tyre having done 20,000 miles before its first puncture. Another user speaks of 1000 miles over awful roads, in terrific heat and no rain, in Ceylon, without a mark.

The aero-plane for Poor Man's age man, Plane, endowed with average pluck and pelf, cannot take the form of the costly high-powered machines which have figured so largely at Rheims and Bournemouth. The poor man's plane must be safe, small, very packable, and comparatively cheap. That such machines may sooner or later come upon the market is suggested by the

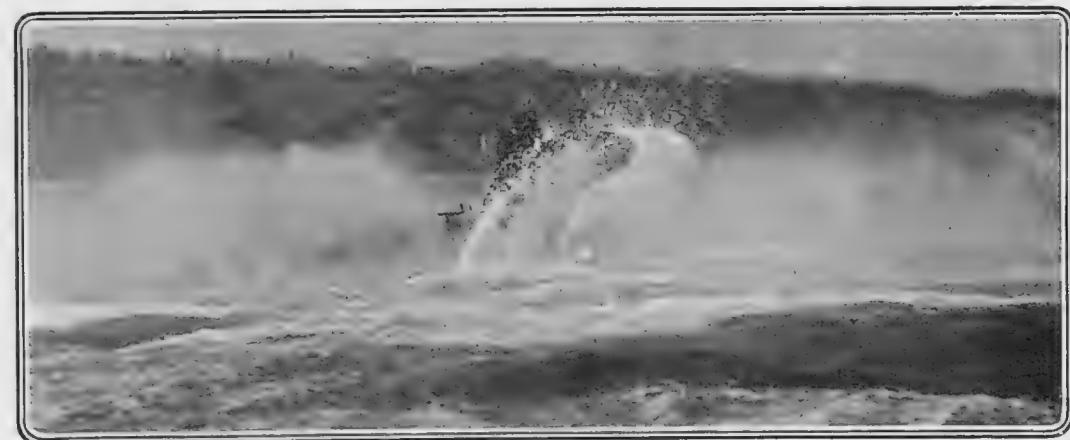


PROBABLY THE FASTEST BOAT AFLOAT: SIR JOHN THORNYCROFT'S "MIRANDA IV." WINNING THE SIXTEEN-MILE SCRATCH RACE FOR UNRESTRICTED RACERS AT BOURNEMOUTH.

Sir John Thornycroft's new motor-boat, "Miranda IV.", probably the fastest boat afloat, took part in the Motor-Boat Regatta at Bournemouth last week. She won the sixteen-mile scratch race, the finish of which is shown above, in 32 min. 57 sec., her speed thus being about a mile in two minutes. Mrs. Edgar Thornton's "Columbine" was second.

Photograph by Topical.

Mr. Drexel did not fall far short of Grahame-White, for he netted £1100. He won the Monday daily altitude prize, and the greatest altitude, the sea-flight, and general merit. He was also fourth in the speed contest. Captain Dickson came next with £790, being fourth for greatest altitude, winner of the Saturday daily altitude; fourth for longest flight, 12 miles 860 yards; fourth for alighting; fourth for general merit; first for starting-prize (35 yards 0 ft. 7 in.), and first for weight-carrying, 407½ lb., in 3 min. 23 sec. M. Audemars, who flew a Clément-Bayard machine, made £460, being third for longest flight, making longest flight on a monoplane, and running second to Morane for speed.



LOST IN THE MIST OF HER OWN SPEED: THE "MIRANDA IV." GOING ALL SHE KNOWS.

The "Miranda IV." was invented by Sir John Thornycroft himself and built at his own works. When she is going full speed (about forty miles an hour), she only touches the water at one point, that is, amidships, and thus is known as a "skimmer." Her length is only 26 feet, and her weight less than 1½ tons, and she carries a 100-h.p. eight-cylinder Thornycroft engine.

Photograph by Central News.

appearance of the Nieuport monoplane, which owes its propulsion to a 20-h.p. Darracq engine, with planes of short span, about 5 feet, and very little camber. This machine (says the *Aero*) stood a very heavy landing at Rheims without sustaining damage, and that is a quality which must obtain with a popular plane. It flies steadily and strongly, and, taking into consideration the low horse-power found sufficient for it, it was the best aeroplane at Rheims. Moreover, the whole thing can be easily packed on to an ordinary motor-car.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Doing Goodwood. For more than a quarter of a century I have regularly attended the race-meetings at Goodwood, and for many years I stayed at one of the local seaside towns and trained or motored to and from the race-track each day. This year I am staying at Lavant, which is about two miles from the course. I walk up and down each day. The arrangement is agreeable, as it gets rid of the dangers of the road, and is good exercise as well. Of course, in case of heavy rain, it is awkward walking in a mackintosh; but that is about the only drawback. Many people are motoring to and from London each day. This, however, is hard work, and in case of a breakdown it means real disaster. The Pullman train that runs to Chichester each morning of the meeting is a capital idea. It does the journey without a stop. Another popular form of travel is by motor from Brighton. The ride is interesting, but you are apt to get smothered in dust, as the traffic on this route is exceptionally heavy. Very few coaches are drawn on to the hill nowadays; but there is a big fleet of brakes and char-à-bancs, and these drive a roaring trade. I am glad to see that the officers of the N.S.P.C.A. are on the spot, ready to protect those horses that are badly treated, and it is a matter for congratulation that the leaders used by the gypsies to help the loads up the hills are an improvement on the old crocks that used to be employed for this purpose. The roads, too, are well looked after, but the motors soon drag up the small flints and make the tracks unsafe for bicycles, and punctures are as plentiful as mushrooms.

The St. Leger. One thing is certain, speculation on the St. Leger will this year be more brisk than we have seen it for a decade, and those owners with horses in the race

a yard beyond a mile and a half successfully, as I fancy he was severely pressed to make a dead-heat of it, and I feel certain that had he gone another quarter of a mile he would have been badly beaten. But he has not yet been trained to run over a mile and three-quarters, and the Manton trainer may have another tale to tell when the Doncaster race comes to be run. I hope Rosedrop will go to the post, just to let us see the difference, if any, between the classic colts and fillies. The Oaks form has not worked out well, but it must not be forgotten that the Manton filly won running away, and it may be that she is a bit above the average, especially over a distance of ground. I like the look of Greenback. He is a nice colt and is a plodder, but I do not think he will beat either of the Sandown dead-heaters.

Nursery Handicaps. It will be interesting to notice how the nursery handicaps work out this year, seeing that nearly all the two-year-olds that will compete in these races will have been seen out three times previously. My advice to speculators is to play light when dealing with nursery handicaps, as we are very likely to see some upsets. An old motto that worked fairly well years ago read—"When in doubt, back the top weight." That was before the days of readying came into the calendar. Now so many owners lay themselves out to bring off coups that it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule when trying to find

winners. It is a good plan to follow horses coming from the so-called smart stables, whatever weight they are given; and it is necessary to remember that a top-weight is never likely to win a nursery handicap unless he has a good jockey on his back. However, it is a remarkable fact that the light-weight jockeys when riding horses carrying feather weights are wonderfully successful in these races nowadays, and when choosing a horse from among the 6st. division it is scarcely necessary to consider which jockey is going to ride. The betting is generally good, because so many owners plunge on their horses, and 5, 6, and 7 to 1 the field is no uncommon price to see quoted about a nursery handicap. Indeed, a big plunger once told me that it ought to be 10 to 1 the field in all nursery handicaps with twenty runners if the gentlemen who adjust the weights did their work properly. I do not quite agree with my friend who, by-the-bye, is all the time trying to



THE WHIRL OF THE LARIAT: "THE COWBOY BARONET" MANIPULATING A LASSO.

It was after a tiger-hunting expedition in Burmah that Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave, "the Cowboy Baronet," went to America, in 1889, and took to ranching in Colorado. He had previously done some soldiering in India, and he afterwards served in the Boxer campaign.

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GOT HIM BY THE LEG! PULLING UP A HORSE WITH A LASSO.

Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave, who is the twelfth Baronet, succeeded to the title three years ago. He has led an active and adventurous life, and spent a good many years roughing it on a ranch in Colorado, where he became an adept in the use of the lasso.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

beat the market, and, it is needless to add, he very often succeeds in doing this with a big margin in his favour.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON

On Holidays. It is a psychological fact that we begin to feel fatigued and restless when other people set off for their holidays; and we all enjoy the superiority—the sense of having the first innings in the game—which is ours if we succeed in getting off before the ruck. No virtue, no renown, no monetary success can give quite that feeling of self-satisfaction which one experiences in taking one's seat in a Scotch express or in the Continental mail-train before July has become blowsy. Though we live in an island of incomparable suavity and beauty, there is no doubt that the mere passage of the Channel, familiar as it is, has a sense of high adventure which does not pertain to buying tickets for Cornwall or Argyleshire. We restless English must put our feet on the Continent before we feel we are really enjoying a "change." The farther we go the more we enjoy ourselves, and thus you will meet positively genial Britons in Stockholm or at the North Cape, hilarious fellow-countrymen in the Bohemian mountains, and confidential compatriots at Capri.

Luggage Labels Mr. Max Beerbohm, in one of his inimitable essays, has told us of his almost morbid love of luggage-labels. This passion, of course, is part of our insular liking for travel and adventure, for are there not labels on one's hat-box, *qui donnent furieusement à penser*, and reminders of the "Hotel Bristol et d'Albion" in some remote spot on the Continent which bring up visions of radiant summer days and of companions who seemed adorable, but whose names have somehow slipped your memory? The luggage-label brings back these happy outings just as if one opened a shutter suddenly and beheld the star-lit heavens. For years I cherished, on a certain small portmanteau, the label: "Hotel de Berlin, Moscow," till some unimaginative porter, at Wimbledon or Walton, tore off my souvenir of exquisite sunny days in that strange land of fatalism and unrest, of charm and sadness. Indeed, if a sense of high adventure is what we seek in our holiday travels, we get it in Russia, for to go to the Tsar's dominions at all, you must have a passport issued by our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a thing which is unnecessary, I fancy, in any other European country. There is something secretly uplifting—little boys who conceal pocket-pistols or bull's-eye lanterns about their persons know the sensation—in having a passport from our own Foreign Office among one's travelling impedimenta. You may (and do) have to pay a good many roubles to a number of bearded, uniformed officials, who look at it and stamp it, while you are journeying in Russia, but it is well worth while for the fun.

The Charm of Foreign Cooking.

London has become so cosmopolitan of late years, its restaurants are so many and so various, that we do not experience the same excitement as we used to do by going abroad and changing our food, or rather, its preparation.

Nevertheless, this foreign cuisine is a large factor in the relief we feel in quitting a country of roast meat and vegetable-marrow for lands of omelette and *purée d'épinards*, or even regions where fried veal cutlets or macaroni are the principal dishes. I think some of the quaintest food I have ever eaten has been at inns and railway-stations in Bohemia; but it was always palatable, and had the indubitable charm of not being British. The railway station, in all parts of Austria, is often the only restaurant in the town, and you will see the officers of crack cavalry regiments having their mess there. This custom insures a certain high average of cookery in even remote places if there are troops stationed there or "autumn manoeuvres"—which seem to go on all August and September—are in progress. Then, the cuisine of the North—of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark—though different from ours, is attractive enough. If you are offered chopped peashucks in the land of the Midnight Sun, the salmon is admirable, while the sweets of Sweden are a dream. In Copenhagen, in a second-rate and very Danish restaurant in the Oste-Gade, I have enjoyed a typical national luncheon which was certainly better than inferior French food. But every country has its dish, and the wise traveller orders it, and adds to his sum of agreeable experiences.

The Gentle Art of Packing.

"It's kindness as does it!" applies, perhaps, more to the art and craft of packing than to any other mundane accomplishment. For we have grown infinitely civilised in our manner of carrying about our belongings. In the fearless old days people used to throw their clothes into a portmanteau and jump on them, or, at least, force far too many things into one receptacle than it could hold, so that frocks and skirts emerged crumpled, creased, and woe-begone, and accounted largely for the strange appearance of the Victorian Briton in foreign parts. Then, again, they never took enough hats, and were apt to

arrive at Boulogne on their return looking excessively odd about the head. But now we revel in all kinds of luggage, from the upright wardrobe in which the American girl hangs her dresses on a hook, to the neat suit-case or the narrow tin box, for all the world like a magnified sandwich-case, which is to hold our all on the motor-tour. Indeed, so convenient are all our travelling impedimenta nowadays that good temper, suave gestures, and much tissue-paper are now all that are necessary for us to look as neat as the proverbial pin, even on a rush across Europe.



A GOODWOOD DRESS OF GRAY NINON-DE-SOIE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

Looking Ahead. The promise of next season is, of course, brilliant; with the Coronation in June, it could not be otherwise. There is, however, as I think, promise of a really good autumn season. That we have had a sad, bad summer no one will deny, the months of May, June, and July shaded from black to grey. In accordance with wishes made known from Headquarters, Society, like the immortal Marchioness, made believe a great deal, but, unlike that wonderful East-End, failed to find it quite nice. The great human conglomeration which amuses itself on the top, and by so doing oils all the layers below in our social system, is tired of its own dullness, and the law of contrast will prevail. There will be lots going on in the autumn. Hostesses, and all organisers of entertainments, will remember that a season of great State functions is not a good one for those of any other kind. Any but the great, big private hostesses are apt to find interest in their parties swamped when Royalty is first in everybody's eye. Therefore, they will entertain in the late autumn and winter. Their Majesties will be going about again in a quiet way, and I have it on good authority that they favour the idea of a winter season, and that a feature of their social sway will be State entertainments in the winter, not, of course, in the coming one.

My Lady's Toilette. When Dame Nature takes a thing in hand and finishes it, the old proverb, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most" comes out true. The dear old lady gets lazy nowadays. All our up-to-date strenuousness gives her too much to do to keep her most charming works in order. If we do not help her she gets tired and gives out. We want to look after ourselves a bit and help the old lady. If we do, she will preserve our youth and charm all right. Morny Frères, the chemist perfumers, who are so well known in Paris and have such a fine establishment at 201, Regent Street, afford us most delightful means of helping Nature. They have lovely perfumes, and follow them up in luxurious series with bath-salts, eau-de-toilette, face-powder, bath-powder, toilette-soap, sachets, so that the whole business of helping Nature to keep us fresh and dainty and young may be accomplished with pleasure to every sense. There is June Roses, a really rapturous odour, in which is a complete series, also Oak-Leaf Geranium and Violette Morny. June Roses, the newest scent, is a great success; it is quite delicious, and provides us with the flavour of that summer which we wish we had.

Security in Complexion Treatment. Women know quite well that skilled treatment is necessary in our strenuous life to maintain the youthful freshness of appearance that is an asset of our nation's ladies. Most of us are secure in our knowledge of the straightforward and successful methods of the great specialist whose remedies are now at the disposal of the "Cyclax" Company, 58, South Molton Street, W. There are some who do not know, and go to quacks who injure them. Reluctance to reveal the fact that they have been to such people keeps them from exposing their reckless and ignorant doings. The "Cyclax" Company's remedies are absolutely pure and beneficent. Their wonderful success is evidenced by the fact that their clientèle increases enormously, and their earliest patients and clients are their patients and clients still. In order to cope with the ever-increasing work, the celebrated lady skin specialist has trained a band of lady experts, who act as her efficient staff under her personal supervision. This enables her to treat personally a

large number of those who so greatly depend upon her. The Company performs no operations, gives no hypodermic injections, and will do no face skinning. The result of their remedies and treatment is seen on the faces of most of the beautiful Society women of the day, whose never-fading youth is the admiration and the wonder of this remarkable age that we live in.

Midsummer Fires.

the "Tippit." You can turn it back to any angle and remove the ashes while the fire is still burning. This is a wonderful convenience. The fire burns up very brightly and well, because the tip admits free access of air under and through it and allows accurate regulation of the draught. All hearth and floor sweepings can be brushed right into the fire. It looks very nice and cosy and cheery, and a tiny fire can be kept going and bright. The whole arrangement can be detached by lifting away. It can be adapted to any mantel, and the Lift Fireplace Company, of 2 and 3, North Parade, Manchester, manufacture these "Tippit" fires and will send an illustrated booklet to any inquirer.

Most of us can quite appreciate the cosiness of a fire these midsummer nights. There is a new grate that I saw for the first time in use recently, called



A CHARMING PICTURE: "BIRTHDAY HONOURS."

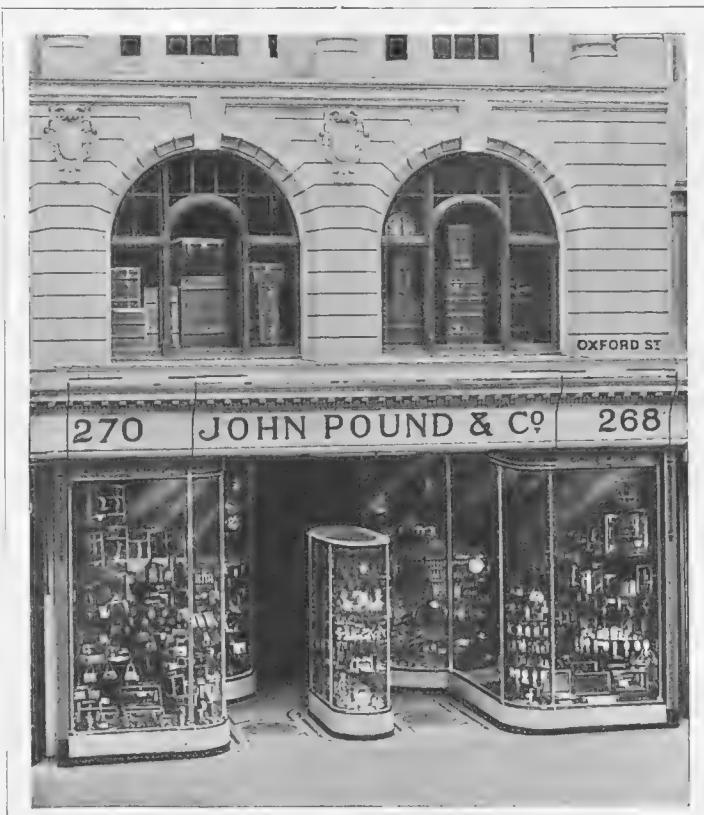
Mr. Sheridan Knowles' beautiful picture has been daintily reproduced in photogravure for Messrs. Joseph Watson and Sons as a prize to senders of wrappers from their prize soaps. The touching and homely incident, so appealingly portrayed, is one of the best pieces of work the artist has done.

its health-giving and health-restoring properties are at their very best. From the growing of the famous Foxwhelp cider apples, their arrival at the Bulmer establishment, the filtration of the cider and perry, and the bottling, every process is carried out in the most hygienic and scientific way. After the first fermentation and filtration the different varieties of cider made from the selected fruit have to be blended to secure the best results. It has to be bottled with great speed, as in a day it can experience changes. When bottled, it undergoes its second fermentation. There has to be a re-bottling in order to remove the sediment resulting from the fermentation. The sparkling and delicious drink with its wonderful health-giving and health-restoring properties is then ready for the world's markets. It is one of the very few things that are really nice, and yet very good for us.

So great is the demand for Bulmer's cider that the orchards of Hereford, Devon, and Somerset are laid under contribution for their best fruit, and some of the most successful draught-ciders, for which this firm is as noted as for bottled, are made by blending from the fruit of these three counties. Lactic acid, which is the cure of the day for gout and all its kindred ills, is contained in Bulmer's cider.

Goodwood in Good Weather.

Given fine days, Goodwood must be delightful even if, as this week, shorn of much of its usual brilliance. On "Woman's Ways" page, a drawing will be found of a dress of glacier-gray ninon-de-soie, with a lace yoke and a lace skirt of the same colour. This will be worn to-morrow at Goodwood if the weather be good.



ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF OXFORD STREET: MESSRS. POUND'S NEW PREMISES.

A notable addition to the fine and attractive establishments that are springing up in Oxford Street is shown here—the palatial West-End branch of Messrs. John Pound and Co.'s great City business in leather and fancy goods of every kind, of which the head is a former Lord Mayor of London. Wedding presents of all varieties, dressing-cases, watches, cutlery, and electro-plate are specialties of the firm.

bone on July 29, 30, 31, Aug. 1. Nearer home, are excursions to picturesque and historic places in Middlesex, Herts, and Bucks. All information may be obtained at Marylebone Station, any G.C.R. agency, or the Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

To provide an enjoyable time for the thousands of holiday-makers on August Bank Holiday, the Great Central Railway Company publish a wonderfully varied choice of excursion arrangements, giving facilities to over three hundred towns and holiday-resorts in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North. Special refreshment-car trains will leave Maryle-

CITY NOTES.

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The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 10.

MONEY.

THERE is now no chance of the Bank Rate being reduced. The slump in Americans destroyed the small hope that existed. What we wonder is, will the Rate be raised in the autumn? All the crops have to be financed, and although wheat will be short in quantity, it will be high in price. Then there is the Rubber question to be considered. If we take the Amazon crop at 40,000 tons, this means that finance houses must provide £40,000,000, or double the amount of last-year. The crops from West Africa and the Malay are certain to be larger. On the whole, the rubber crop for the forthcoming season will call for at least seventy millions of money. As there is no speculation on any of the Stock Exchanges of Europe, this money will be found with ease. The only danger lies in the position of the Western Banks of America. If they are tied up in real estate, we may get a stringency. But this is unlikely.

HOME RAILS.

The North-Eastern strike has ended, as most of us expected it would, in a fiasco. It wants a strong body of public opinion to support a strike in these days. It also wants a good case. This the North-Eastern men lacked. Those who picked up Berwicks at 131 $\frac{1}{4}$ did very well. The dividends are now being declared, and if the heavy lines follow the example of the South-Eastern, we shall see some startling results. All the railways of England could add another 2 per cent. to their dividends if they practised merely ordinary economy. The best that can be said on behalf of railway management to-day is that the Companies now realise the position. This is a great point, and the time will soon come when, in addition to economy, we shall get efficiency. Wages must rise as the price of commodities rises, but a rise in wages is not serious if it is accompanied by an increase in efficiency. We have passed through a period of gross extravagance and hopeless inefficiency, and it would seem that those days have ended. Therefore, a purchase of the leading Home Railways at present prices, now practically at the bottom, should be profitable.

The results so far announced make a very good showing, and it looks as if the various chairmen will have a much more pleasant task than usual to perform at the forthcoming meetings.

The North-Eastern dividend was disappointing, but it must not be forgotten that the declaration was made while the strike question remained yet undecided, and when the figures are available it is expected that the reserves will show considerable increase. The Metropolitan dividend was well within its earnings, and the Great Eastern increased distribution might have been more but for the conservative policy of the Board.

The South-Eastern and Chatham results are very good, and Chatham First Preference looks like yielding 5 per cent. at present price, while the way is cleared for a resumption of dividend on the South-Eastern Deferred stock, which for some time has received nothing.

YANKEES.

Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb, and Co. consider that American Rails are worth buying. But although all the big houses privately express this opinion, there are no signs that they are backing that opinion with hard cash. Business in the United States is dull—this is the worst that can be said for it. It would be foolish to place unlimited reliance upon the figures of the Steel industry; they are palpably manipulated by the magnates. We base our opinion upon the general aspect. But business will not remain dull for ever, and those who buy the best American Railways to-day, although they may see a further fall, will be getting a good interest on their money. Gambling in Yankees is the most certain method of losing money that has yet been discovered. But such stocks as Pennsylvania, New York Central, Milwaukees, and Illinois Central are equal to gilt-edged investments. Unions and Southern Pacifics have made so much money out of share deals that no one outside the inner circle that manages these lines knows the exact earnings of the tracks. If the figures are true, then both these lines are worth purchasing.

COPPER.

The excitement in the Copper Market grows. It looks as though the combine which has been talked about now for over a year intended to declare itself. This combine has been forced upon the American by the remarkable results attained by the porphyry mines. These mines claim to be able to produce copper at seven cents a pound. Indeed, some managers declare that their cost of production is only five. Such mines as Utah, Nevada, Miami, Chino, Ray, Keystone, Gila, and others not so well known, now claim to control the Copper position. For some time American engineers laughed at the porphyry mines. They are now beginning to believe in them. Ryan has been booming the Butte mines, but in his heart he knows quite well that the low-grade porphyry propositions have "got the bulge on him." It will soon be time to buy Amalgamateds.

RUBBER.

It cannot be said that the Rubber Market is as weak as the rest of the Stock Exchange. But this is just about as high as a bull can put it. There is no business. The dealers are afraid to sell, because those who hold Rubber shares are intent upon receiving dividends, and will not part with their shares; but there is no doubt that if Rubber fell in price we should see a small slump. The real danger in this market is the perpetual shocks the public receives from the swindles that were promoted at the end of the Rubber boom. None of the wild Rubber companies know accurately their cost of production, and all depend upon management. It is a perfectly safe thing to refuse to touch any company outside the earlier planted Malay propositions. No one can go wrong if they buy the best, and they can easily tell which are the best by calculating the capitalisation per acre. Pataling is capitalised at £15 an acre, Selangor £18, Cicely £19, Batu Caves £21, Vallambrosa £23, Bukit Rajah £24, Linggi £24, Malacca £27, Asiatics £33, Anglo Malay £44, Seafield £44, Labu £46, Lanadron £57, Highlands £58, Straits Bertam £60, Ledbury £77, Shelford £101. Roughly speaking, this progression very accurately represents the values of the properties. Management and soil have to be taken into consideration, and also the price at which the market capitalises the undertaking. But all these companies can be readily dealt in, and all will pay dividends for some years to come. If an investor will take into consideration the risks that any tropical plantation has to incur, and will insist upon receiving at least 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on his money, he can buy half a dozen of the above with great safety. But such an investor should never forget the main point—capitalisation per acre. Were figures available in the case of Java and Sumatra properties, it would be possible to recommend one or two plantations in these islands, but they are not. Nine-tenths of the Java, Sumatra, and Ceylon properties are over-capitalised.

OIL.

No boomlet has ever been puffed like the Oil boomlet, and none has ever had so inglorious a record. If we leave out Shells, Spies, California, and Burmah we may write down all the rest as doubtful—to use a mild word. Perhaps this is hardly fair on Lobitos, which may one day make a success, or Nigeria Bitumen, which shows signs of creating an oil-field. Frankly, the Maikop propositions are at the moment moribund. Those that survive the next two years may create a business. But how many will do this? The oil shares that have been created during the past six months have most of them been for sale purposes, let us say.

MINES.

Neither Wernher Beit nor Abe Bailey nor Weil seems able to interest the public in Mines. As Mines are a speculation pure and simple it is useless to suggest a purchase to-day. There are people going about the City who persist in talking of mines as an investment, and they produce elaborate tables which prove that all the leading mines have definite yields. But the basis of such tables is the life of the mine and the amount of the ore reserves. Both of these are in the nature of a guess. Tables based upon guesses can scarcely be considered reliable. When the market shows signs of improvement, which is hardly likely to occur before the autumn, then perhaps it might be as well to lay in a stock of the best Rand mines, for the magnates always mark up prices for the end of the year in order to make their balance sheets look pretty.

RIVER PLATE AND GENERAL INVESTMENT TRUST.

The increased interim dividend of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is announced on the Deferred stock of the *River Plate and General Investment Trust Company*, and this may no doubt be regarded as foreshadowing a distribution for the current year of 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 9 per cent., as against 8 per cent. for last year. The Deferred stock is now standing at nearly 150, a rise of 50 per cent. since it was first recommended as a promising investment in these pages, and the rate of dividend has grown in the same proportion. The Company is a noteworthy example of what can be accomplished by an able Board of Directors by nursing securities during periods of depression, and making judicious investments. At the last meeting the Chairman, Mr. Philip W. Carr, remarked, "The dividend has increased every year now for some years past, and we are paying double the amount on your Deferred stock that we did ten years ago, and the break-up value works out at over 170 per cent., as against 68 per cent." With regard to the dividend for the current year, the Chairman stated that, personally, he should prefer to see it remain at 8 per cent. until the Reserve Fund had been raised to £100,000, instead of £85,000, the nominal amount of the Reserve Fund at Dec. 31 last. It may be inferred from the present announcement that this figure will be shown to have been reached in the next report. There seems no reason why, with the present management, the success of the Company should not continue to increase, and before long the Deferred stock should be well worth 200, and may easily be returning 5 per cent. on that price. Other excellent investments among Trust Companies' stocks are the Deferred stock of the Investment Trust Corporation, and of the Metropolitan Trust Company, and the Ordinary stock of Industrial and General Trust Company.

BATU TIGA (SELANGOR) RUBBER COMPANY.

The dividend prospects of this Company are very bright, and are not fully discounted at a price of £6 per share. It is true that for 1910 the return will not be very large, as Rubber dividends go, for the Chairman estimates the distributable profit at about £25,000, which will suffice to pay about 35 per cent.; but after this year dividends should advance rapidly. Only 364 acres were in partial bearing last year out of a planted area of 1544 acres, the whole of which should be in full bearing in 1913. The crops should increase from about 100,000 lb. of rubber for 1910 to about 600,000 in 1914, when, with rubber at a quarter of its present price, dividends of 100 per

cent. would be earned. It is the intention of the Board, however, to make further extensions, for which purpose an issue of new shares at £4 will shortly be made to the shareholders; this will provide £14,000, and will put the Company in ample funds. If anything like the present price of rubber should be maintained through 1911, a dividend of 100 per cent. may be expected, and, with good markets, a price of £10 for the shares is not improbable.

Q.

TRUST COMPANY'S PREFERENCE STOCKS.

Of all the forms of investment which are open to small holders desiring to make reasonable interest with great security, we consider none so good as the cumulative Preference stocks of many of the well-conducted Trust Companies. Of course discrimination must be exercised, in the selection of the stock, and the first consideration which should weigh with the prospective buyer is the amount of Ordinary and Deferred capital standing behind the Preference stock.

If the share capital of an Investment Trust is, let us say, £1,000,000, it is clear that when this is divided into one half of each kind the capital and income of the Preference stock are more secure than if the division is three-quarters Preference and one-quarter Ordinary, for in the former case there is a margin of £500,000 to be made away with before the Preference is in danger, while in the latter case the margin of safety is only £250,000. Thus the cumulative Preference 4½ per cent. stock of the Alliance Investment Trust consists of £600,000, while the Deferred amounts to only £200,000, so that the margin for depreciation is not over-large. In the case of the Bankers' Trust, each stock amounts to £900,000, and the Investments would have to depreciate 50 per cent. before the Preference capital could be in jeopardy.

Having found a Trust Company with a good margin of Ordinary stock behind the Preference, make sure that this stock is *cumulative*, so that, if by any mischance the dividend were not paid out of the profits in any year, it would have to be made up out of the subsequent income, and, finally, consider what the Ordinary or Deferred stock receives and has received in the past; for clearly the Preference stock of a concern with surplus income on a big Ordinary capital paid regularly over a number of years, is a safer investment than a like stock with dividends on the capital behind it fluctuating to an appreciable extent or coming near the vanishing point. These may be mere truisms; but, if so, many investors neglect to realise them.

THE STRAITS BERTAM RUBBER COMPANY.

We have had a courteous letter from the Secretary of this Company in reference to our remarks about the forward contract made for the sale of rubber during 1911, and we desire to say at once that

we have no doubt that such a contract has been made. The bargain is so astonishing (24 tons of rubber at 11s. a pound, when the spot price of fine Para is under 10s.), that the Company must not wonder if the world cannot accept its bare word without expressing not doubt but surprise. If the Secretary likes to produce the contract to our representative, we shall be happy to publish details of the names, dates, etc., which would, we feel sure, be of interest to the public and to the Rubber trade as well.

Saturday, July 23, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

UMP.—You had better hold on. The market seems to think well of the mine, and there may be an improvement in the whole Jungle during the autumn.

F. B.—Get out if you can. We think it is a wild cat.

FRISCO.—We think any subscription most inadvisable.

B. B.—We are sorry for you, but have no information as to the Company in question.

SAFETY.—The only objection to the Trust Debentures is that the market is limited, and you will very likely not be able to get any. See this week's Notes as to Preference stock.

J. T. B.—It is supposed to be all right, but don't place too much reliance on its recommendations.

VIGILANS.—A gamble, pure and simple. We are not in love with the names.

HUCKLE.—It is not probable there will be any appeal for fresh capital until the question of the treatment of the sulphide ore has been solved.

F. H. D.—Your shares are all first-class, and you had better hold for dividends. Your only mistake has been buying too high.

FIELD OFFICER.—The market thinks the bonds a fair speculative investment, but we do not like them, and far prefer Chilian Transandine or Pernambuco bonds.

"The New Rhodésia, its Mines, Lands, and Men," a handbook for investors and settlers, by Percy Lindley, is in preparation.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

These should go close at Goodwood: Singleton Plate, Grain; Goodwood Plate, Queen's Journal; Sussex Stakes, Admiral Hawke; Corinthian Plate, Procopé; Drayton Handicap, Artisan; Goodwood Cup, Bayardo; Chesterfield Cup, Succour. At Alexandra Park, Icy Cup may win the Municipal Handicap, and Sea Trip the Alexandra Welter. At Sandown Park, on Monday, Perla may win the Lubbock Handicap, Buckhorse the North Surrey Handicap, and Borrow the Holiday Stakes.

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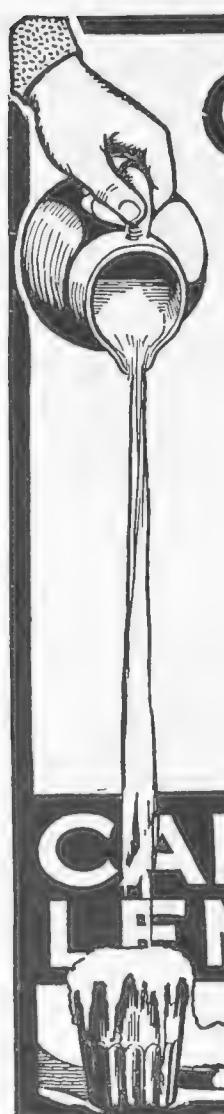
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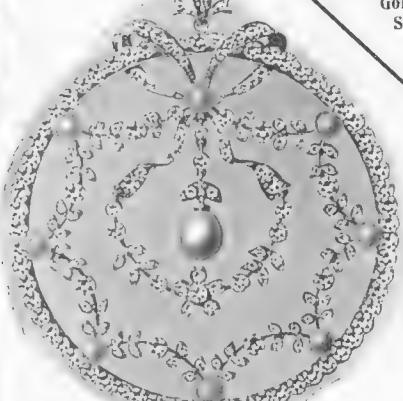
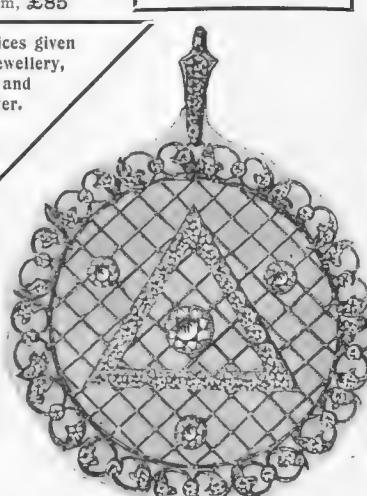
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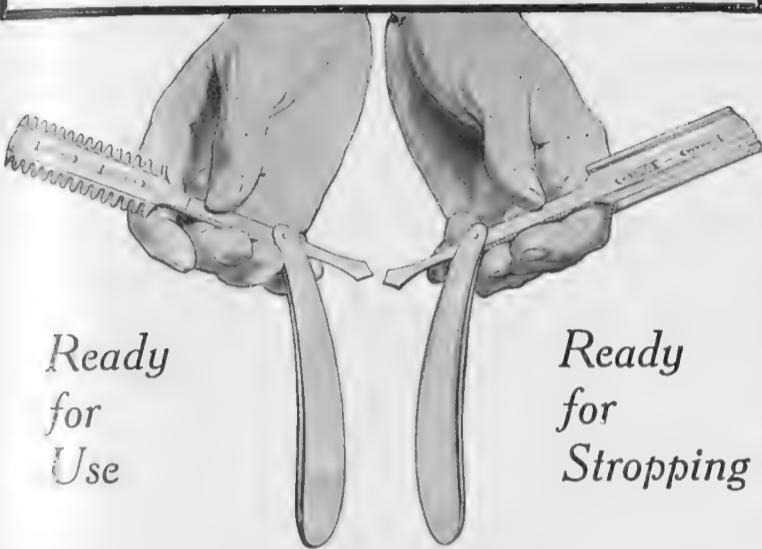
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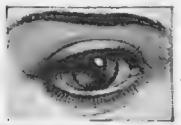
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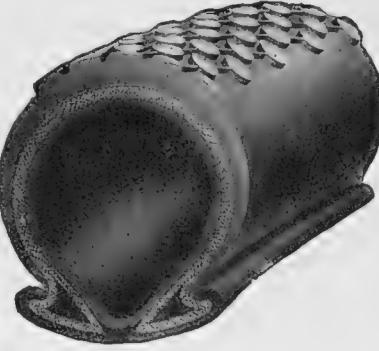
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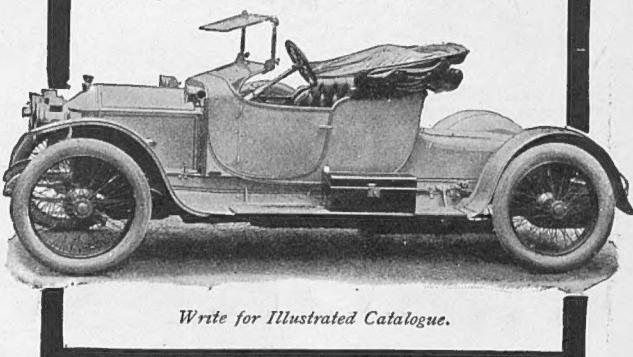
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THE NARROW MARGIN: HEALTH'S BALANCE-SHEET.

BY AN OBSERVER.

HOW narrow is the margin between those who are ill, even dangerously ill, and those in sound health! Those of us who are least familiar with the medical visitant are aware that a doctor is apt to begin by feeling the pulse, and, if occasion calls for it, will go through the simple process known as taking the temperature.

Yet, arithmetically, how slight is the variation in human temperature, how narrow the margin between the glow of the healthy person and the burning heat of the fever patient! The former will tell us, perhaps, that he feels "as cool as a cucumber." We find that his temperature is 98. The half-delirious patient burns with fever. We find that his temperature is, say, 103. So slight is the difference, arithmetically, between the normal and the abnormal.

If we take the variation of the pulse as between one individual and another, it is but a slight difference of the time and strength of the heart-beat which marks the man who is braced up by extreme cold and another who suffers considerably.

The other day, it occurred to me to ask a doctor to examine me thoroughly. He went through his labours with excellent vigilance, and then gave me a report which was so favourable that it seemed quite wrong of me not to be twenty years younger. I inquired particularly as to my pulse. "It is a beat or so above the average," he said. "And your own?" I inquired, turning the tables upon him. "Two beats below," was the reply. "Is that the reason?" I inquired with assumed indignation, "that your fingers are so icy cold that every time they touched me I felt a cold chill down my back?" "It is certainly an indication," he replied, "that my heart does not work so forcibly as your own."

He was a worthy young fellow, and we established no differences between us. In fact, he admitted most generously that being a chilly mortal lacked any advantage, but warned me professionally not to overdo the hot blood and to live the simple life. I forgot to recommend him any specific for cold hands and cold feet, although he told me he suffered from both. I was much impressed, however, with what is, on paper, such a slight difference between our rate of pulsation, and yet, in effect, the torrid and arctic extremes of our temperature.

In financial matters there are a number of companies with a capital of something like, say, fifty thousand pounds who have been working for quite a time with only a small margin of profit. Yet small as it is, the shareholder feels that he is having some return for his money, even if it be but a beggarly two per cent.; but it would require but a small diminution of income for the year to wind up with a deficit, whereat the shareholder will feel exceedingly glum. Physically, financially, and in every direction there is all the difference between a small profit and a small loss, however small either may be. It is the question of having something in reserve, of preserving a margin of health, to which I shall apply myself in this article.

It is to those who, fortunately for the race, are in the majority, those who would be passed as first-class lives by any insurance society, those who flatter themselves on their health, to whom my remarks are addressed. We are organically sound, it is true, and may rejoice much in the fact; but are we not in danger of living on capital, of recklessly failing to provide ourselves with anything like a margin of safety?

Of the vast number of us who are regarded as sound, as having nothing radically wrong with our bodies, how small is the minority who are never unwell. There is a subtle trouble which, carrying out the analogy of my earlier paragraphs, we describe as being "below par." First, indigestion, then a slight cold, then depression, whilst the microbes of disease have better hope of finding a victim sufficiently weakened for them to establish their hold upon him.

"Agreed," says the intelligent reader; "we all want a margin of safety. We want no nostrums nor humbug specifics. It is not a cure we require, but continued preservation of health, some insurance against our getting on the wrong side of the balance of health."

Assuredly the reply is to be found in the discoveries of Professor Metchnikoff and others, notably Professor Massolo of Geneva, which originated in their observation of the fact that Bulgaria, with a population of three millions, has over three thousand individuals at the age of a hundred leading their lives as useful citizens. Climatic and social conditions are not so superior to other countries as to account for such a unique percentage of centenarians. It was possible that the prevalence of soured milk as a diet was the cause. The prolonged tests and experiments made by Professor Metchnikoff confirmed this belief, and the Bulgarian bacillus of Massol, commonly known as the Metchnikoff long-life sour-milk bacillus, was evolved. Using a pure culture of the germ, obtained under the most accurate laboratory conditions, he proved that, introduced daily into the system in large doses, it not only interfered with the development of the bacillus *Coli* and other harmful, putrefactive germs in the intestines, but after a few months caused the practical disappearance of these "germs of premature old age."

The behaviour of these benevolent bacilli can be described in a

few words. With the best digestion, food-decay is constantly going on in the human body, and millions of undesirable germs which distribute poisons throughout the system are developed, indigestion and other ailments being thereby set up. The *Bacillus Bulgaricus* makes war on those microbes and destroys them, thus preventing the dissemination of poison, with all its accompanying disorders. Not only is health restored and maintained in consequence, but life in the ordinary course is sensibly prolonged.

In the opinion of experts the culture cannot gain a higher efficiency than in cheese prepared under the perfect conditions which obtain at the St. Ivel dairy, and the enormous sale of Lactic St. Ivel cheese shows that the public confirms the opinion of the experts. Care, cleanliness, and scientific treatment are absolutely essential, otherwise harm may result. These are all assured at the St. Ivel creamery. The culture is prepared in the laboratory of an eminent bacteriologist, and its absolute purity is assured.

There is a drawback which applies to certain bacillus preparations, that the germ is so unhappily situated that it invariably dies and so becomes useless before reaching the consumer. Cheese has been found to retain fully the potency and vitality of the germ. In the second place, a cream cheese by its form and physical properties is less liable to become contaminated with extraneous and perhaps harmful germs than is any liquid preparation.

The bacilli do not affect in the slightest the taste of the cheese, even though they number 57,000,000,000 to the ounce. The well-known attributes of the St. Ivel cheese are equally pronounced in the lactic form, than which nothing more nourishing or more palatable could be desired.

Hitherto the germ has been obtainable only in milk scientifically prepared in the Balkans. It has now been imprisoned in cheese, and to Messrs. Aplin and Barrett belongs the credit of this triumph. St. Ivel cheese, having regard to its composition and preparation, has been well described as "imprisoned life giving life."

For eight years in succession, 1902 to 1909, this firm has carried off the Gold Medal at the London Dairy Show for the best collection of British dairy produce. The famous "Golden Meadow" butter is dispatched from Yeovil daily by the ton, whilst there is now scarcely a home in Great Britain where the virtues of St. Ivel cheese are not known. It is not hard, but soft, rich, and creamy, retaining at the same time the most perfect Cheddar flavour. It is made in two varieties, the ordinary and the lactic, and it is, of course, the lactic variety that I recommend to those who wish to live long, and who, like the holy friar, wish to live well.

The particular point which I have maintained in this article is that the great discovery of Metchnikoff, which is best expressed in lactic St. Ivel, is of even greater value to the healthy than to the sick. The latent germs of disease in the system are exterminated and disease prevented by the inclusion of these bacilli in the ordinary diet. It is the preparation of this cheese, sold at only a fraction over the cost of the ordinary cheese of commerce, which puts the treatment within reach of all.

In my opinion, too much emphasis cannot be placed on the value of this diet for those who wish to avoid the fatigue which a strenuous "holiday" may entail. After a long row up the river, a particularly stiff day at lawn-tennis, hill-climbing, and the other forms of physical exercise into which even the most sedentary Briton is apt to throw himself with such vigour, there is nothing to equal Lactic St. Ivel for successfully grappling with the germs of fatigue. The cheese should be one of the items of diet at least three times a day, an ounce at a time. The ideal lunch for both the economist and the epicure, and for those who wish to "keep fit," is composed of a cupful of hot "Ivelcon," followed by Lactic St. Ivel cheese and biscuits. The total cost is about three-pence, and includes, in the most agreeable form, all the elements of a complete diet.

St. Ivel (Lactic) cheese may be bought at all leading grocers and dairymen throughout the country. It is packed in special cartons and sold at 6d., the ordinary St. Ivel cheese being sold at 6d. each. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining it, send nine-pence in stamps to Messrs. Aplin and Barrett, Dept. 59, Yeovil, Somerset, who will send you a cheese and explanatory pamphlet, post paid, by return.

There is one drawback in the making of holiday. For the first day or two the change of air is apt to produce unpleasant effects, which are best escaped by the regular use of Lactic St. Ivel. Lassitude and a "liver" should not be experienced at all. They are sensations which the holiday-maker can very well do without. The oft-repeated but little-acted-upon proverb, "Prevention is better than cure" epitomises the wisdom of those who have learned how to live. It is only those who omit the daily and regular consumption of Lactic St. Ivel who fail to have a reserve fund on the balance-sheet of good health, and who have only themselves to blame if, so far as health is concerned, they become bankrupt indeed.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE Customs officers in New York have issued a note of advice in regard to the more expensive forms of ladies' gear. If the owner of, say, a very valuable fur coat wants to protect herself from any possibility of difficulty when she returns to the States, she should register it and receive a certificate before leaving America. Having done so, she will not run the risk of being suspected of importing a new garment for a friend or possibly for a dealer. As a rule, of course, things that are worn are passed unquestioned, but the inspectors are becoming more and more exacting. Perhaps they have heard of the lady with two magnificent fur coats who asked a companion on the return voyage to wear one of them, so that she might pass the Customs untaxed. "Thank you ever so much," said the owner of the coats, when they were safely through. "Oh, please don't thank me. I am well repaid. I am going to keep the coat," answered the other, and explained how impossible it would be for the owner to make a claim without confessing her intention of deceiving the Customs.

The Democrats have been discussing the party candidate at the next Presidential Election in the States, and Dr. Woodrow Wilson's name has been considered. A correspondent writes: "I am so amused at Wall Street's coqueting with the Universities. They want to run the President of Princeton Presbyterian University. People are beginning to distrust the Socialistic politicians, and are casting about for someone stable and wise and inviolable. They tried the Harvard man first, but he went into a temple and hid himself." Dr. Woodrow Wilson says he is disinclined for the Presidency, but, at any rate, he has not disappeared.

Miss Stella Cobden Sanderson, whose engagement is announced, is the granddaughter of Cobden, and, besides, the daughter of "the most charming woman in London," as she has been described by Mr. Bernard Shaw, and of the master-binder of the day. The fortunate owners of Mr. Sanderson's bindings are prouder than ever of their costly possessions since he has put aside his tools and will produce no more. Miss Cobden Sanderson has herself mastered a craft, but it was surely not in the almost sacred enclosure of the Sussex garden where she learnt French gardening from Miss Nussey and Miss Cockerell that Mr. Speyer spied her.

We are very sorry to find that, when we published a portrait of Miss Neilson-Terry in our issue of the 13th, we made a mistake in her age. We called her "Leading lady twice under different names at the age of nineteen." But her achievement is even more wonderful than that, for she is only sweet seventeen!

Folklore stories, the quaint old-world beliefs of the countryside, are always entertaining when well told—which, unfortunately, is too seldom the case. But when the teller is a native of the land, so to speak, one of the people among whom tales of the kind are household words, and gifted with a bright, picturesque style, there can be no two opinions as to the result. Enys Tregarthen, the author of "Legends and Tales of North Cornwall" (the homeland of Arthurian romance), "The Piske Purse," and other tales, has made a distinct score in her latest work, "The House of the Sleeping Winds," a volume of stories based for the most part on Cornish folklore. The letterpress is deftly and attractively illustrated with twenty-seven pictures by Miss Nannie Preston, and

the book is published by Messrs. Rebman, Ltd. It is certainly a book all children will like, and, it is safe to say, not a few of their elders also.

Miss Jenny Atkinson gave a charming song recital at the Aeolian Hall on Friday last which was much appreciated by her audience. She was supported by Mr. Spencer Dyke, the violinist, and was accompanied on the piano by Mr. Walter Mackway and on the organ by Mr. Rothwell Thomson. In the programme were songs by Sinding, Schubert, Elgar, and others, which Miss Atkinson rendered with her accustomed skill. Mr. Spencer Dyke played, among others, pieces by Saint-Saëns and Tchaikovsky.

The modern *beau sabreur* has abandoned the old-fashioned cut-and-slash swordsmanship methods for the battle-field in favour of the swifter and more effective method of "giving point." And so it is with the up-to-date smoker who values a good cigar. Instead of cutting his cigar with a knife, which too often tears or breaks the leaf, he uses Hardtmuth's patent cigar-piercer, which drills a clean hole in the cigar without injury to the leaf. They cost 6d. or 1s. each at any tobacconist's, or in silver from 5s., and in gold from 21s., the gold and silver piercers being made and sold wholesale by Messrs. S. Mordan and Co., Ltd., of 41, City Road, E.C.

Easy shaving is admittedly one of the pastimes and pleasures of life, and everything that tends to promote man's welfare in this regard is little short of a public benefaction. Also it can be done without soap, water or brush—a point for travellers to note—by means of Lloyd's "Euxesis," a demulcent cream, which helps the razor to do its work in half the ordinary time by softening the surface, and leaves the skin smooth and entirely free from irritation. The nearest chemist keeps it, in eighteen-penny and three-shilling tubes.

The popularity of the Isle of Man as a health and pleasure resort increases each year. The Midland Railway Company's steamer service between Heysham and Douglas is now in operation, the turbine steamship *Manxman* sailing every week-day, weather and circumstances permitting, until the end of September. The vessel can accommodate 1600 passengers, and was built specially that those who did not pride themselves upon being "good sailors" might yet enjoy their trip. By the Midland route, Londoners can breakfast in town and dine at six the same day in Douglas, after an agreeable railway journey in a comfortable carriage or restaurant-car.

One always feels the better for a clean shave—more virtuous (if possible, of course)—that is, provided one hasn't cut oneself. Cutting oneself involves "swear-words," with other unpleasantnesses. Especially is it so in holiday-time, so that anything that will help to make a holiday more enjoyable is always worth consideration. In this connection it may be added that men who have always been accustomed to shaving themselves with an old-style razor are usually the most astonished and delighted with the ease and comfort with which the Gillette razor shaves, recognising that it does what the best razor of the old kind, used in the most skilful way, is incapable of. There is nothing to learn in using the Gillette; the blade curves to the face, thus compelling its correct use, and there is not the slightest risk of it cutting the face while shaving. The Gillette safety razors (of which three millions are in use) are sold in standard sets, each with twelve double-edged blades, for one guinea, in handsome pocket editions (the size of a cigarette-case), and combination sets (including Gillette shaving-soap and brush), for 27s. An illustrated book with all information can be had from the Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., 17, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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